



### ODD MAGAZINE

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Actor

# THE VOICE OF THE

### TURILE

"A Love-lorn mightingele, straying into a garden, and beholding the roses smiling, and the cup filled with wine. flew to my ear and mang, 'Be advised, friend, there is no recalling the vanished life.'"

"To drink wine and to make merry, such is my scheme of life. To pay no heed to heretle or devotee, such is my creed. I asked the boide of all the human race, 'What is my marriage portion?' and she answered, smiling, 'Ny marriage portion lies in the joy of thy heart.'"

"I am a rebellious slave: where is Thy will? My heart is defiled with size: where is Thy light? Where is Thy control? If Thou wilt only bestow paradise on those who obey Thy laws it is a debt which Thou payest, and where then is Thy mercy?"

"Believe not that I fear the world, or that the thought of death and the departure of my soul fills me with terror. Since death is a truth, what have I to fear from it? All that I fear is that my life has not been well spent."

"... We are not gold, that once having been buried in the earth, our friends would care to dig us up again."

Ahh! Char! Some eight or nine hundred years ago those words were written by the immortal Tentmaker, and yet how universally true they have remained.

The poet, Byron, also entertained these thoughts:

"... But at my back I always hear Time's winges chariot hurrying near: And yonder all before us lie Deserts of west starnity."

not a hundred years or so ago.

I've even heard it intimated that so recent a group as the 'Intimists' have discovered similar, hitherto unrevealed truths along these lines, along with a hundred million or so people, over

100, 10

the most three or four thousand years.

Why then, hear't someone in our present government at least suspected it? Are we at some future date to discover that we as antion are faced with an 'eternity' gap? Think of the reperouncions when the can in the street discovers that he has to face eternity without his government having prepared his for it, or protected his from it, when only, maybe, a few hundred nore billion dollars, winely egent in time, would have seved his from it. It's enough to make one vote for free silver.



This is Gonna Be a Helleva way To work Your way Through College

Actually. I may be being too harah on our leadership. From what I read is the papers. they are trying to bring evernity to no right now ... and are doing so already for a goodly marker of people. I tell you. it warms the cockles of my heart to near about another ten or twelve billion dollars of our money being spent on condensed, disposable, orematory Kapalm. Oh, well, telling them we're giving them democracy beats telling them we're only going to give them a chower. And I. G. Parben manufactures children's toye.

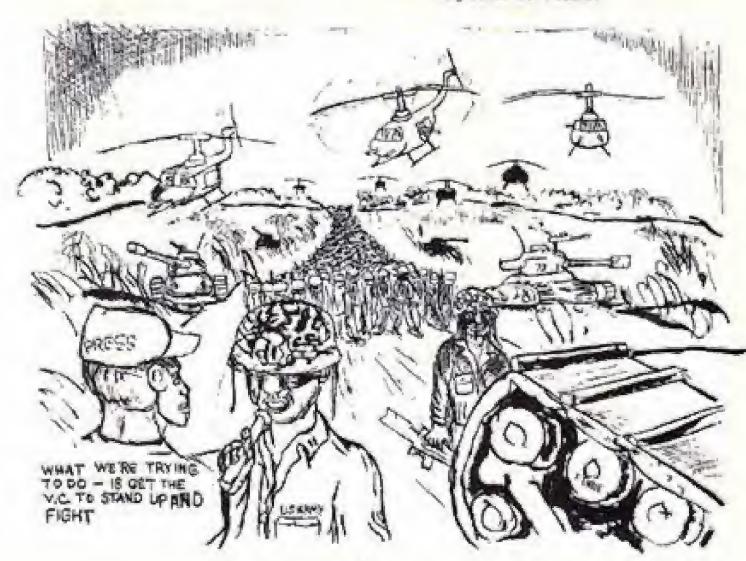
I'm heartened to know, though, that there are signs of a change. A quick referral to the November <u>Fightbean</u> will disclose the concert of such enlightened members of society as Eric Blake's concern with the rampant immorality that is sweeping the country. And Albort C. Ellis, whose latter appears in the present issue's

letter column, is justifiably worried about the image of fendom in the eyes of people who do not know it for what it is. So perhaps some samity is returning to the world after all. At least to the responsible 'clite' who recognize the great dangers facing those of us who are too uninformed to realize that such filth as the Welson cartoon, ran on page 28 of the lest issue, was doing to us. I cincerely thank God that He has seen fit to give us such guardians of the public trust in this, our hour of need. It is truly at undentable disclosure of the moral superiority of Faith over Heason.

How I regret by lack of faith when faced by such aseurance. But I bust, scashow, go on in my blind ignorance, and leave them to their faith. Many are called, only a few are chosen. Or something. Speaking of comething, etc., I'd like to take a few lines to thank those of you who've continued to help make ODD possible. Jack Gaughan, Mickey Mhodes, May Melson, Bill Bowers, Tony Drie, Chester Malon, Paul J. Sillis, Jack Peters, Dave Hall, Lyle Gaulding, Richard Gordon, Jurgen Welff, J. T. Jeeves, Bon Whittington, Marshall Clarks, Jim Hall, Trans G. Markhan, M. Bominick (DEA), Dave Duck, and many, many others. I d also like to take a few lines to talk about the future ODD. AND THAT, DEAR READERS, IS WHERE THE CHERKE ESCOMES OF A DIFFERENT BILLING.

For some of you this is the first issue of ODS that you've received. For most it will be the second. And for a very few it will be the third, fourth, etc. ODD will keep coming out on roughly a bi-monthly schedule. What it will contain, and whether you receive it will depend on what your response to it is. If you are not a writer, artist, etc., you can receive it by writing a letter of comment that we sublish, or by subscribing. Subscription charges are designed to cover only the cost of the paper, ink, postage, and so forth. The immarise is strictly a habby, and is not designed to make a profit. If you are a writer, or artist, or if you have aspirations along this line, ODD would greatly appreciate a chance at 'publishing your work. All contributors will receive a free copy of the issue their work appears in, and will also receive ODD free from the time their contribution is accepted until it is run in the magnetice.

Raymond D. Pieher



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### ATLANTEAS

by Joyce Fisher

Atlantess has fallen
And her corpse is buried in the deep.
Atlantes's children are
Sealed in their glass-topped boats Vaults floating beneath the
Surface of the sea Drifting, always drifting.

Atlantes's bodies are Resting upon mattresses of scripture: Their last earthly act To secure some secrets The protection of their own souls.

Haunted spots these.
Few remain intect.
(There were few enough to start.)
For, ages and
The forceful Atlantic waves
Have claimed the most of them.
But floating in our seas,
Drifting with the tide and current,
Are boxes of preserved horror
And joy
And beauty
And truth.

They said the waters were coming
And he sun to seal the temple gates.
They ande so stay inside I could not go to the door to see,
So his aind showed me the picture
Of what transpired around the temple.
Night, and torches, and people running, and screams.
Then, the reason I did not ever know,
The mind-cord broke - and I coreaned.
I know my brother and my lord had died,

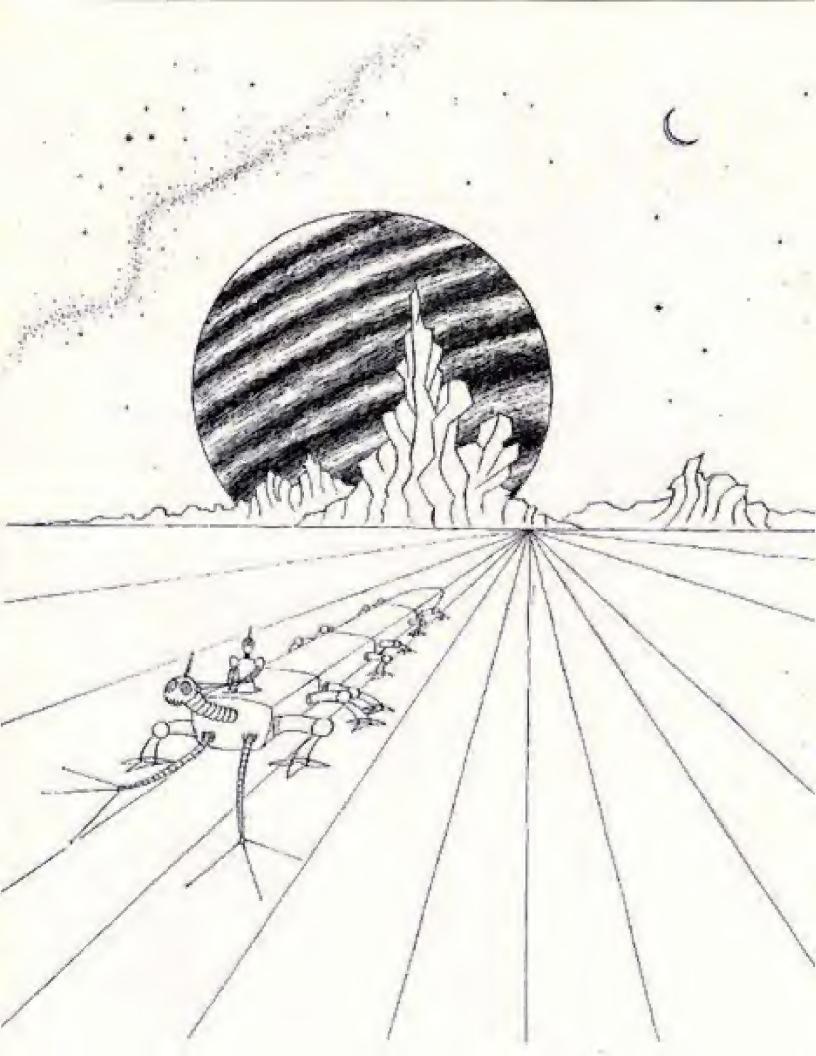
The Old Ones shook he in my mindlesonson. To step the screams.

My sind returned to see him lying dead Then a disa in the sacred room. The Old Ches were sealing themselves into Equal with clear glass tops, laying their codies down Upon the most sacred papers. We know to die was not to fear And they said the herald of our corpses would draw some sind To read the paper And result our faith.

I could not really understand.

I asked them. When they started to Put me in my coffin. To lay us together by brother and I. And they said yes B T I ronlly sid not know What They Beant to do When I began my wleep. For he still lay Upon the table all alone. And even though I knew our wown and knew how often we would meet again, T cried so they lowered the lid Above my amill-living floor And his body was not "hore with mine.





## 9BAH 124441 \* TVAN 124041

by thee Cautiding

A review of an important Russian Science Piction novel AMERONHEA by Ivan Tefrency, Foreign Languages Publishing House, Noscov, No date.

In his introduction to the Collier paperback, SOVINT SCIRICE FICTION, Issue Asimov remarks that none of the exories included in that collection depict inture society in detail. Perhaps, he mayo, since the Russians believe that they already have a "perfect" society, it is considered disloyal to depict other societies of the future. Doctor Asimov is apparently unfamiliar with Ivan Yefremov's future stories; obviously the Soviet State would have no objection to the depiction of a future modety if that society were Communism Triumphant with its gools achieved.

Ivan Tefremov's ANDRONNOA is just that, a movel of the future as a communist "true believer" seen it. It is a big movel of about 440 pages. Intransor follows the old Bussian tradition of having a high past of characters, and a meandering, hard-to-follow plot line. Actually, the plot line is of secondary importance. Bather like Hugo Sernabnok's RALFH 124C41, ANDRONNOA is less a novel than a cross cection of the society of the period Yefremov is imagining. However, it is much better written than EALPH, with more emphasis on the human rether than the mechanical side of the society.

ANDRONEDA begins abourd the space ship "Jantra" some light years out from Earth on a below-the-speed-of-light expedition to contact a civil-zetion known to exist on the planet Zirda. Zirda has been in communication with Earth by radio via the "Great Circle", an interstellar tole-viabn natural saintelned by the most advanced civilization of the gulary. "Tantra" finds that Zirda has destroyed itself by incontrolled storic experimentation, and then fails to make rendezvous with its fuel ship. Attenting to return to the solar system on short fuel supply. Tantra takes a forced lending on the hot, stormy planet of an invisible "iron star".

The story now goes to Ear\*', where we are shown a transmission to the Great Circle. At attractive foung lady named Yeda Kong gives a new member placet (which wen't receive the menuage for some centuries) a brief run-town on the history of them-surrent civilization of Earth, with special emphasis on the downfall of the mesty capitalist warmongers and the betting up of the perfect communist state.



Then a plothre is given of the Barth in the time of the nevel: the production of unlimited food from the sea, the alteration of the Barth's climate, the complete relocation of habitation in the subtropical belt, and the principle form of transportation of the period, the Spiral Way - a magnetic railroad completely enwrapping the world. The Spiral Way in characteristic: the world Yefrenov describes has an economy of shortage, at least as for ". mechanical power is concerned. Jet and rooket eiroraft are rerely used, radio is restricted, fast boats and the above mentioned railway are used where planes and helicoptors are used now. On the other hand, Earth has edequate power and resources for space ships and intersteller broadcasts, but apparently must tax itself rather severely to afford them.

Marth's scareet seigntors, on the planet of 61 Cigni, relay a broadcast from a planet which has only recently come into the Great Circle. The planet revolves around the southern star. Epsilon Tucanae, and proves to be inhabited by redekinner humanoids who appear extraordinarily graceful and beautiful to the Earth viewers. Even Mass, the African scientist who is about to become Director of the Outer Stations, (meaning the observatories, the sumerous space stations, and the interstellar communication station,) become irrationally infationed with the dancer who appears in the Tucanae broadcast (which originated three hundred years before.) He a conceived a passion to somehow reach the planet of the beautiful red people, though no Earth space ship has been more than about 20 light years out, and the trip to Epsilon Tucanae would take more than a bunant lifetime.

The story returns to the Tantra, which has landed on the planet of the black star, not snother Barth ship which apparently landed some years before. Most them is yet another whip, a gigantic spiral disk, which the explorers resolve to investigate later. The other Earth ship proves so to the "Parus", lost on an expedition to Vega. Parus still has enough fuel about to allow Tantra to return to Barth, but the orew has vanished leaving a tape recording speaking of something dark and deadly on the planet.

The transfer of fuel from Parus to Tantya is begun, but the work is interrupted by an attack of black amosboid creatures, which the explorers are able to keep at bay by lights and electrified fences. The crew of Tantya feel themselves asfe for a time, but then they discover that the "Hlack Jellyfish" are not the most formitable menace on the planet; they are attacked by a more highly organized and powerful creature in the shape of a black cross, capable of hurling paralizing bolts of energy. This monator is also beaten off, but hiss Creet, the young woman who is the ship's navigator, and the beloved of Erg Nor, the captain, is left in a state of catalogue which the medical facilities of Tantya cannot cure.

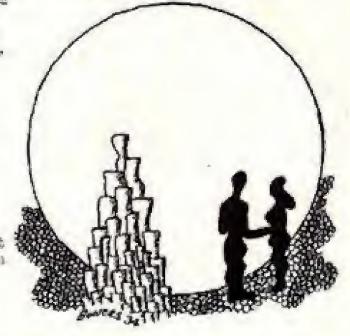
Eventually the fuel trainfer is completed, and, after an attempt to enter the slien ship fails disentrously. Tuning takes off for its four-year journey back to Earth.

1 44

The story returns to Barth again. We are shown various characters traveling about and giving us glimpses of the "Great World" society. Veda Kong and Darr Veter, the retiring Director of the Outer Stations, set out to visit an urcheological site in Siberia and are stranded overnight on the stappe. Though several things happen during the night, nothing remarks or sexual happens. This is snother point about ANDROMEDA; in

spite of the "liberation" and the freedom from religious taboos, of the people of the Great World, all the love affairs in the novel are slow starting, circumspect, and practically Victorias. Possibly, this dates from the high-flown moral principle of the early Russian revolutionary days.

Other characters include Miyiko Bigore, who is remarkable in that she user a traditional family name instead of an arbitrary combination of sounds, as is the normal practice; Cart Sann, a painter who works solely in realistic-idealistic themes, and denounces abstract art in approved party language; and Renn Bose, a physicist who is working on a theory of "anti-space", which may allow men to reach distant stars instantane-ously.



After some more glimpses of the future society, including the schools, and the nature preserves, the story approaches its climax. Myen Mass, still obsessed by the beautiful red people of Tucante, persuades Renn Bose to carry out a large-scale test of his theory sithout the consent of the ruling Scientific Council. Arrangements for the necessary enormous amounts of energy and for the use of several major facilities, including a scace station, are made quietly, and the great experiment in performed. The beam is established, and Myen Mass glimpses the land-scape of the Tucanze planet, but the energy overload proves too much for the Earth equipment and the space warp collapses disastronally. Mass, at the "eye" of the implesion, receives only minor injuries, but Renn Bose is terribly injured, and the advanced medical technics of the period are barely able to save him. Even worse, it is soon learned that the space station participating in the experiment has been destroyed.

A hearing is held by the scientific council, and Mven Mass is exemprated of criminal intent, but, stricken with remorse. Mass voluntarily exiles himself to "The Islands of Oblivion", where dwell, under remote supervision, those who are too selfish to live in the co-operative "Great World".

After a number of interesting adventures. Mven Mass reaches a guard station seeking aid for another exile. He is met by Chara Mandi, who permusdes him that she loves him and that Marth is more important than Epsilon Tucanae. He decides to return to the Great World.

In the last chapters, other loose threads are tied up, including the treatment of Miss Creet, who is still suffering from the attack of the Black Gross.

A rather pointless digression in the last chapters is the opening of a "time vault" left from the "fission age". It is the occasion for a rather tiresome attack on the wicked capitalists.

In the closing chapter, the grow of Tantra takes off on a new exploration. At the last moment, as old dream of Captain Erg Nor is fulfilled when Earth finally receives a transmission from the Andromeda Robula, which proves to be the home of the mysterious disk ship found on the dark planet.

In sum, ANDHOMEDA, though it has several interesting story lines, has no unity of narrative, nor a strong plot line. It is mainly interesting as a picture of the communist view of the future. It's impossible to may, of course, whether other citizens of communist countries think about the future in a similar way, insofar as people anywhere think of the future being at all different from the present.

Yefremov's picture of the future "good life" is unquestionably appealing. Though it has a few over-conformist elements that may not appeal to American fame, it might be appropriate to borrow a phrase from the 1960 presidential campaign. "Our aims are similar; we disagree mainly on method,"





### \*

The Right Reverend Monsignor Bonaventura Biondi-Bordello, secretary to the Vatican's Sacred Congregation of Holy Perfidity and consultant to the Holy Office of the Sacred Fornix, will address the Women's Faithful Society of the Oldtime Freewill Hardshell Baptist Church, 1967 Lacklus Ravine Dr., Castlewood, Jan. 13th at 10:4

The prelate, who was created Domestic Chamberlain to the Pontifical Latrines in 1931 and Magnificant Rector of the Cloaca Maxima in 1939, is credited by experts with the discovery of a subterranean passage leading from a confessional in the Pauline Chapel of the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore to the men's lavatory of the Statione Termini, some five blocks away.

For this and similar achievements, he was created titular bishop of Insula-Ignis in partibus infidelium by the late Pope Pius XII in 1943.

Monaignor Biondi-Bordello has written several works, his most recent being Casta Homophilica Homae Antiquae, an exhaustive study on the comfort stations, queer bars, and Protestant Episcopal churches within the area originally bounded by the ancient walls of Rome.

The title of the address will be "Temple Prestitution and the New Dispensation." Monsignor Biendi Bordello will illustrate his talk with medical charts, colored, 35mm slides, and motion picture film, all of which he carried into this country within a life-sized reproduction of the Pieta presented to Cardinal Spellman by the Street-walkers Guild of Monte Coclio.

After a question and answer period, a festal meal of beiled cabbage and hog snoots will be served. Dinner music will be provided by the Valley Fark Spring Quartet.

### SG ACOMY STRIP

















My stepfather loved se, anyway.

That's why I had to leave some. I was a very well-developed girl at fifteen, but I did not yet may a the emotional stability to enter sheleheartedly into an incestuous relationship, particularly with a cop. My father was a jailer, see, and I guess he was a pratty good jailer too, beloved by all his peer group and also by the insates. Every Christmas he would throw a big turkey distant for all the prisoners out of his own pocket and he took an interest of a personal nature in the lives of the immates, particularly the dranks and repeaters, unless they were queer or politically left-of-Center, in which case he regarded them as somewhat lower than enimals.

My nother was also a big-hearted person like a port or labter, the Great Barth Mother, for all the near-north side in Chicago. She was a waitrees and one compluined all the time how she hated being a waitrens but just the same one was always passing out food, even on her own time. Whenever I came home with none friends she would break out the provisions. It was embarrassing. "George," she would say to my boyfriend, George. "George," she would say. "Way dog't you have another cookie? Don't you LIES my cookies? I baked them myself." That was my mother for you. I never know my biological father because my nother wasn't married to him, and 'twould be difficult indeed to determine his identity, even for my nother, since, in her younger days, my mother led a rather footloose and fency-free life and might even have been termed serually promiseuous, but my stepfather put a stop to that. They were very happily narried and did not commit adultery so far as I know, but he was inclined to now and then delly with Old John Darleycorn or, in other words, to get arunk, at which time he showed an inclination to best up my mother and myself.

Somewer, when I began to show signs of frontal development has ceased to bembard me with blows and instead bembarded me with gifts and compliments. He always wented me to six on his knee while he read me stories like "Black Beauty". "The Pive Little Peppers", and "Doctor Boolittle" which I found quaint and pataphysical in spire of the fact that I was then reading for myself Henry Miller and "Torture Cardon" and "The Black Book" and all like that. Though I was baill a pure virgin, I had a wast theoretical knowledge and had none a good deal of heavy petting, but I did not feel ready for marriage or even massking up since I was, as I may, only fifteen at the time.

It was just as well that I had this theoretical knowledge, particularly the knowledge derived from the works of S. Freud, or otherwine I might not have understood what my pater familias was up to when, during a reading of "Little Nomen" by Louisa May Aluett, he began to feel me up. He had been drinking some and had locked my nother in the bedroom as was his went at such times, and than I had some difficulty understanding him as he read and I might add that his enunciation was some too good even when sober. It became increasingly difficult to understand him as time went on, what with all the heavy breathing and drooling and all. I was just not getting the true meaning of Miss (or Mrs.) Alcott's message and had a hard time concentrating on what I could understand because of struggling to puck away those hot, sweaty kands all the time. Finally he started getting rough and I lost my patience with him in spite of the fact that he was my legal guardian and was wearing his police uniform in which he really looked very handnone and impressive in an ape-like sort of way, and I bit his on the hand as hard as I could. He let out a frightful yell and I ran for it and darted up the fire escape and escaped over the rooftops like Batman and Robic. The Boy Wonder, except that Batman and Robin were always owinging from ropes and they didn't wear nylon tricot nighties with pink ribbons as I did, particularly not while they were fighting crize. I doubt if they ever did wear nylon tricot nighties, although in the light of the findings of Mr. S. Fraud, one has no choice but to look with suspicion on the relationship between those two.

That hight I stayed at a girl friend's house and the next sorning she lent me some plothes to go to school and let me have breakfast with her. In American Literature class I decided that it would be unwies for me to return to the old homestead and thus I determined that the time had come for me to venture out into the great, wide world and seek my fortune. At recess I borrowed from 25 to 50 cents from everyone I knew which was not so hard as it might sound since my cradit was good. I wrote a short letter to my mother telling her I was going to run away from home but otherwise everything was normal and not to worry as I was a very coart girl. My grades in school proved this, since I was plyage in the upper onefourth of my class. I mailed the letter after pohool and went to the Selvation Army Store where I bought some clothes that made me look much older and then set out walking toward the Loop. I went to the Art Institute to see the Picasso prints (since it was free) und afterward went to the Public Library and read modern poetry un-"il closing time.

It was a marm night...really an amfully warm night...and suggy. You know how it is in Chicago during the number. I wasn't the only one who clopt in the park that night. Lots of people who had homes to go to slept in the park instead, because the light brease that now and then blew in off of lake Michigan made it almost possible to breath. Toward morning it rained a little, but I wan into a public rest room and so did not get very wet. It was the men's room and I may for the first time that the ordinary American hale harbors a surpressed desire for literary and artistic creation, though he inclines a bit too far in the direction of Brotio Realism for my sheltered thates, in spite of the fact that I have reed Jean Genet's "Our body of the Flowers".

In the soraing I went to a sofeteria and vaited until someone got up, then I set down and finished off his left-overs. People are always leaving behind retatous and coffee and schotimes even bacon and agen or something like that and I always used to set leftowers at the oute where my mother worked, even though my nother would my. "Now is you know they didn't have a Social Theorem?" The only thing that bothered so was dignrette askes. I think it is very inconsiderate of people to put dignrette askes. I think it is very inconsiderate of people to put dignrette askes in their food, purticularly when the samagement has thoughtfully provided ashtropy. It is really a filtry habit and maken work for the dishwesher who otherwise would only have to dip the dishes and sups in lukewarm water and set them out to dry.

After a bourty brankfast I went back to the art augest and went in with a crowd of art students and wendered eround looking at all the printings and talage. Some other art students were sitting in front of a Yan Bogh printing and making charcoal studies of it, which looked like fun as I borrowed some charcoal and paper and started doing the east thing. After a while one of the male art students sudged se and said. There out out, which. This is a drag.

went along with him to the niudent cafeteris in the back of the wilding where everyone had to show their student cards to get in but since they didn't check very closely I got in on my out-of-date nembership cord in the Brownie Boosts.

"Can I get you maything?" maked the boy. He was about 31 and a little overweight and pingly, but very intense and dedicated.

I let him buy we lunch and he invited me to go to a party with him after school and I said yes. He told me him mame can Bob and I told him my name can lacedors, after leadors Duncan, which wasn't true. I won't tall you my real came because it might endanger my stufficture's position on the police force. I never told sayone my real mame for that reares, and police force. I never told sayone my real mame for that reares, forgiving nature and also that I as not a flok.

After school he took me on the elevated our to the South Side mean the University of Chicago We got off at the Direct. Mad never been to 65ml Street before. In fact, I had never been out of my dem celebberhand before except to go downtown to the Loop, or, at Unriatesa, to the prisoner's party in the full. They and ull kinds of interesting -inrea on 63rd Street, quely on Arcedur atores with watermelons with signs on then that bald "They've got my brother



on the invide" and fortune-telling parlors and fundamentalist alorefront churches and bookstores selling books on how the black race to better then the white and "The Use of Capdles in the Sourch For fruin". In the launtremats, Shythm and Blues conords played real land in juke-boacs that were challed down to keep accesse from pioning that up and raceing off with them.

We said down a side effect toward the University and noon arrived at the apartment building where the party was to be hold. In fact, at was already under any when we got there. Bob told me it had been under any for four days already, and had only just begun.

Wash we entered Bob told everybody my name was Inodora and that I was we get predect of the Art Institute and of course I didn't contradict him. A sice localng negro poy with a heard, bursuda shorts and a Davaitan flowered oblid handed no some anarchist propagands and another negro who was wearing our glauses even though it was not very bright in the room gave to a mare juana digaratte and said "Thro on, Body." In one room they were playing cook june on the nift and in the other a group of rather grabby looking students were playing guirars and banjes and minging work songs and union congs. I thought these students must come from a working class background. but Box told no they all and wealthy percents and would probably graduate from college directly into the management level of the power ollio. This seemed particularly strange mices they all were scaring pine proclaiming them to be monbers of the IWW, or Industriel Workers of the World. Some were drunk and sense were night and herr and there I actized acmeone alsoping on the floor in blessed o'livies. A this haggerd man pucked post us into the toilet, rolling up his elseve as he went. He locked the door behind his and sometime later case out looking much better and rolling his alseve lost again and at the time I was pretty innocent and thought to ayraif. "It certainly rakes a perion fool good to wash his hands. "y nother always caid that cleanliness is next to Octliness."

In the cool just room only one couple was descing, or anyway denotes standing up. The stance were drinking boose or exching sarajuana. Bob told me that I could either orink booms or macke marsymans, but not both, as this was supposed to be, is use the argot, "uncool". They were dranking a special drink called the Sesspecial Special which was made with orange Jules mixed with alcohol smich some medical etucent had drained out of the jers in which the Biology department was wort to preserve agesimens such as crayfish and eyecollo and the bruins of prominent members of the faculty who and passed away. Tell that while the erange juice use uniquitedly bealthy and very mood for you, the pickled complish, symbolis and faculty brains might not contain the same nativitive veloe, even though some of there trains may have at one time been very prominent indeed in their respective fields. I preferred to smoke mare justs, otherwise known. on "pot" or "camebis motiva", even though I as ordinarily a nenproker out of fear of lung cancer. It is prosty generally agreed that olds movers and fare bear nonhore are not so proce to this speed tidesaw as are the individuals who smoke rigarettee sade from tobacco. At pehpol it was regarded as a sign of maturity to anoke and the kits who did not amoke were looked down agen we uleated, mainly because expliting was a gesture of defiance against parents and

teachers and authority in general. If you side's smoke, it was taken to mean that you were still tied to Nama's agron strings. I feel that America ower a great debt of gratitude to those casing heres of the playgrouni, the marajuana pushers, who rick their freeden and their standing in the community to bring to the young people a means of revolting against their parents, teachers, etc. without giving ald and confort to the forces of Lung Cancer and without atunting anybody's growth.

Boo kept laughing to himself and I asked him why end he told me that he had pulled off a grand prank. At the Art Institute they had a certain place at the head of the states where they always bung weat they called the "Fainting of the Month". The reason Bob was laughing was that he had taken down the Rembrant painting which had been hanging there and had put up a painting of his own called "Here's Fud in Your Eye". Bob had the Rembrant pulnting safely tucked many in his locker and was going to give it back to the museum when the switch was discovered, as Bob was not an art thief but only a lover of good, clean college fun. Bob's painting had been hanging in the place of honor for almost a week already without anyone suspecting a thing, in spite of the fact that Rembract and Bob did not paint in the same style at all. Bob's way of painting was to attach a huge canvas to the ceiling of his room and lie maked on the floor under it painting with a brush attached to the end of an old wivil war agber. Bob used a very free technique with broad slashing atrokes which often got more paint on Bob's bare bookin and on the room in general than on the painting per

se, whereas Restrant was prone to put in an under-pointing first and then gradually and carefully work the painting up with a series of

light gleses.

Bob was not like the boys in achool. The boys in school sere always trying to get in a free fool, and if you lot them have anat they wanted they would call you a where one a pig and go pestering some other girl who put up a little more resistance. Bob never / even wouched mo. Not once. thought purhaps him this remantie twierests were limited to members of his own sex for ashile, but he fidn't seem to show may interest in any of the good looking boys probont at the party, but talked only to me. Imagine a boy talking to a girl and not even trying to hold harde! I was completely confused! He didn't even TALK about "making but", only about "Reintionships" ... about my Relationship to him and his Welstionship to me ... and about our Relationship to



Thin how kindergarden teacher, Kr. Humbert-Humbert ...has be had any experience bandling children? Our parents and to Society and his Selationship to his painting. It did seem to me that he was overwaing that term a little when he started to refer to his "Relationship" to his instructors at art school and even his Relationship to his toothbrush and his pimples. In spite of this seeming obsession with Relationships, I thought he was a very mise boy and very smart.

In fact, the more pot I amoked the better I liked him. I didn't even mind that he was a little overweight and pimply. After awhile I didn't mind anything about him, or snything or anybody. The world seemed to be a real keep place in apite of the threat of Total Muclear Destruction and Communica and race prejudice and water flouridation.

After awhile a comple came in who were friends of Bob's and he gave them the big hello and they sat down on the floor with us.

"This is Isodorm, a painter," said Bob. "Isodorm, this is Carl Neal and the Gretchen-Honster."

Carl Weal had a corriggly red beard and was about 30 years old, while the girl they called The Gretchen-Monater was thin in a high-feation way, very beautiful, a little on the vampirleh side, and not more than 19 years old.

"Pregnant yet?" asked Bob of the Gretchen-Mosster.

"Oh yes," she said delightedly, "coon I'll have a little hug all my own."

Carl smiled modestly and took out his felse teeth, gased at them foodly for a moment, then lioked them and put them tack in.

"Flamming on getting married?" saked Bob.

"Maybe," said the Gretchen-Monater. "It would nake my parents happy anyway, to may nothing of the Department of Aid-to-Dependent-Chileren. Carl and my folks are having a hard time deciding on what sort of certainty to have, and if we can't settle that, we'll just have to skip it. My parents want a church wedding with my uncle, who is a Lutheran minister, doing the honors. Carl, on the other hand, wants something a little more informal, like an orgy or a gang bung or something."

"It is pretty frustrating for the friends of the group to only got to RISE the brids," said Carl, slipping his arm tenderly around the ubsulders of his "intended".

"Carl has always chared everything with his friends," said the Oretchen-Moneter. "And he'm willing to meet my uncle halfway. My uncle can do the honors if the ceremony is kept pratty much as Carl wants it. So far my uncle has been awfully rigid and dogmatic ubout Carl's ideas but you never know."

"How could I selfishly keep to myself the happiest moment of my live" said Carl.

"Fow indeed?" I said, to show that I wasn't a prode but rather a telerant separationted woman-of-the-world in spite of being a virgin.

After arbile Sob and Carl and Grotchen drifted off and left me floating in a pink cloud of pot. Everything was just beautiful except for a rather disquieting impression that the top of my head was deformed, and I guess I did show a marked tendency to siggle. I thought it was perfectly normal when a thin little man with horn rim glasses (very thick) cans up to be and said "How are you, my dear?" eraned his neck, pulled at my bloams front so that he could near down imaide, then maid. "Fine, thank you. Just fine," and we street off.

"Den't sind his." said someone lying on the floor and looking up my dress with an expression of casual approval. "That's Sylvester. He's like that." The fellow on the floor stroked my ankle in what was perchely meant to be a resserring fashlon, but I attached away after Sylvester.

Extremely when he gringed a toothy grit and let the cigaratte choice of the leader of the cook years the first ores out, but so he otralghtened up the light from the little lamp in the hard lit his face from below, making him look very frightening and shadowy, particularly when he gringed a toothy grit and let the eighrotte choke alouly ourl cut through his teeth like enoke rising from the Gaten of Hell.

"Jant Haten to ISIS, my dear." he said, grasping my hant in a vicelike grip. It may have been the pot, or hylvester may have been playing the record at a slower than normal speed, but I had never heart anything quite so weird.

"Form a ring," posned Sylvester is an insane voice. "Everybody form a ring."

I and reveral others fermes a ring, mitting orons-leaged on the floor. We ell aut holding bands while Sylventer stared and exested and lintened to the munic, which sounded wilder by the minute. As the music reached a glimax Sylvester seemed to suddenly That, grey as a corpec, no if he had epilepsy or nomething, then fell over personing and licaing and drooling and rolling around on the floor, but never letting go of my mand. As quickly as it had started, the spell was over and Sylventor lay perfectly



And now for the honeymoun. Won't to be wonderful? Pirat I whip you then you whip me. then I whip you again......

still, all rolled up into a ball but still holding my hand. After awhile he moved. Very closely he rose to his feet and I followed since I couldn't get my hand loose. His eyes were rolled up so that you couldn't see anything but the whitee and he said, very softly, "Follow." In a colemn parade led by Sylvester we marched towered times around the apartment and then headed for the open sindow. When Sylvester climbed up on the window oill I felt that the time had come to play some other party game and so I let go of the hand on my left but I southn't let go of the hand on my right because that was Sylvester's and he held so in a grip of iron. Before I know really what was happening I was standing on the window ledge looking down at the bright headlights of care two stories below in the street.

There was a served ledge which rem serves the fact of the building and disappeared around the corner. "Follow," whichered Sylvactor, and he and I began to slowly edge our ear along this ledge. I did not atruggle because if I had it might have thrown us off balance and caused as to fall, and I didn't yell wither because I misted to retain come arthlence of worldly applicationation even under such trying directionates. As we passed by the window of the next door spartness I have a fet old woman dressed only in her alip raise have even briefly from the wrentling on TV, gaze at as mithout any special show of interest, then go back to watching the rights. The I fall, was complete typical of the average American housewife, a pricener in her own home, having no contact with the outside world except the TV, which gradually comes to be the whole of deality.

It was touch and go for a minute there when we rounded the corner of the billding but we made it all right. The next apartment we phoused contained a student trying to study in apite of the noise of our party. He did not even look up until we were almost past, then he looked tiredly away from his books and our eyes set for what might be called "One Firming Moment". As we neared the rear of the building he thrust his head out the winder and shouted at us, but Splyester only repeated once again, "Follow!" and we navigated the corner of the building and climbed across the fire escape in book. "Follow!" he said again as I atruggled to get free, and we climbed out on to the lodge on the other side of the fire escape, rounded another corner of the building and started toward the front again. Another building fanot ours only about three or four feet away and an old acgree yours looked out of one of the windows and exiled at so and note. "Hey, what you doin" out there, chile?"

"Follow!" said Sylvester.

The negro woman shock her hend pedly and cuttered conothing like "White folks are semethin" else!" then drew in her head and bunged what the window.

Finally we rounded the last of the current and re-entered the apartment by the came window from which we had departed. Here Sylvester finally let go of my hand, grinner at me, and said, "It was good to get a breath of front air, n'est-ce pas?" then passed out. Nobody meened to have taken any particular notice of the little walk at round the block Sylvester and I had taken except Bob, and I guess topt was only because he was jealous.

-28-

"You wont to any semy from the Sylventer." gold bab. "Se'e a kook!"

This may well have been true, but neverthelpes I felt test Sylvestar positioned a certain old-world charm and perticuently protectiveness which saniferted itself in the way he held of head in these at type-ble and suide, he mainly through the trials and intowing of him. Here, I felt, was a man one goods depend on.

Dudgenly a girl once Tunning out of the badroom with nothing on Ja. a look of terror and serected. "The cope" The first little raid!"

looked out the sindow and, intro enough, police cars were pulling us in the atreet below, and I would hear the stream of others coming. There was no doubt. From the way they looked up at us looking down at their as were the ones they were after. I never saw even a frantic non-selecating. In nothing flat the exertment was rectored to perfect order except for Cylveriar oprosi-eagled to the middle of the floor, but them, even the bart of tousekeepers always olips up so some little detail or other.

The anarchist bay abouted, "The non-violent restance! Junt go limp! Noon the threat of force with sivil disabedience and the principles of Changi and Ingresu!" He set down on the floor in the fetal position, as he was in the public of doing to sit-ins and peach demonstrations.

"My clother" Macro are my clother?" acremed the make! girl, running wilely around the room in a systemical. "Here they are. Publing," nate her drusten may friend, stagger-ing out of the bedrees and doing a reaser inconvincing intration of a newspersol. He was searing that, but they didn't look very becoming or him. He didn't even her seases straight and him will was appring.

deary four steps conden on the stairs.

"Bold ther off till we fluor town the dope" wasen about from the bathroom. The toilet was fluthing continuously.

"To the barrancies!" wried one of the Berkers of the industrial Forkers of the World. "Liberty" Fraternity!" He led a charge out the door to the head of the stairs. The



policemen, who were just rounding the landing of the last flight, were bombarded with a salve of books, bongos, records and furniture. Another beatnix battalion except out of the kitchen and added eggs, garbage, flour, and several cream pies to the barrage. Someone slit a pillow and a rain of feathers fluttered down on the astonished and soiled minions of the law.

"They're retreating!" cried Bob. "They're chicken!" and indeed the officers did look rather like chickens or some kind of bird, with all those feathers stuck to them.

"Hold 'un off just a little longer," came a cry from the bathroom. "The toilet is plugged and overflowing, but we'll get it going in a second!"

Carl Neal and the Gretchen-Monster were running back and forth between the kitchen and the front window, delightedly dropping bags of water on the cops in the street. One big girl athlete got carried away and threw an overstuffed chair out the window. It landed on the front hood of one of the police cars, emashing the windshield and causing grave concern to the policemen in the front ceat.

The police on the stairs charged again and were again repulsed, this time by a veritable torrent of expty beer cans and hoose bottles. "More ammunition:" shouted Bob, and I rem into the bedroom and came out with an armioed of perfuse bottles. There was a cop standing under the stairvell, and I managed to pour almost a whole bottle of "Channel No. 5" on him before he jumped out of the way, oursing shamelessly.

On the third charge the police broke through to the top of the stairs and disappeared in a writhing mass of beards and long hair. Another wave followed them up, then another and another. For a moment all was screaking, crashing chaos, then it was over. Our gallant little band went down in ignoximious defeat. Only the anarchist boy refused to recognize that defeat. He even refused to walk down to the waiting paddy wagons, and had to be dragged. There was something indescribably touching about the sound of his head bumping down the stairs...clunk...clunk...clunk.

My stepfather was on duty when they brought us in. Boy, was he ever surprised to see me! It was clear from the look on his face that he was not the sert of enlightened modern parent who allows the child to choose her own friends.

He managed to get me released in his custody, and I must may that ever since then he has treated me with a good deal more respect, almost like he treats the drunks and repeaters down at the ol' jail-house except that, so far so I know, he doesn't kise their hands or scrub their backs or give them home permanents.

FAY NELSON

### \*

Hr. & Hrs. Scaor P. Loveapple, 1585 South Complex, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary Wednesday, December 21, with a reception and brunch at the Club Solumnto-Nouf.

Colobrating with the couple were their 17 children. 53 grandchildren, 177 great grandchildren, and 12 great-grandchildren. They were also joined by some 700 friends.

Wr. Lovespple, 11, is a retired gembler. Mrs. Lovespple, 70, formerly administered a discretely house at 160: McTwain St. until its decise at the hands of the vice squad in 1945.

After having been tonated by family and friends, the couple disrobed on the dance floor and gave a demonstration of sexual gymnastics to the accompanisant of a mither and two sets of bongo drams. Greats were invited to sing along. Even bardened reporters were shocked.

\*

### STAY OUT OF SALOONS

### . Bob Tucker

I that a time-traveler is a saloon. I know he was a time-traveler because he said he was, and he also told me he was so completely broken up by his recent harrowing experience that as soon as he downed one last farewell shot he would give up drink forever. I was touched and saked him for his story. He first told me his came was not Fogs, or Berns, or Bluthgu, or any of those fantastic counts because halph Hilps Farley was not writing his story. He hald his name was simply Chauncey. I was touched, and maked him for his story. He said he would tell me and give up drink forever.

### Eis touching story:

In the summer of 1893 while attending a pionic on Long Island sponsored by the Cld Blue Boy Brewery of Brooklyn for brewery employees and their families, John Gooth, a blacksmith by trade who had crashed the pionic with the committing aid of a friend who was a precisel calesman and drove a delivery wagen named Samuel Crosshetch set and fell madly in love with a fragile bit of old Ireland named Soll O'Coldferb.

In the early fall of 1893 John and Molly were married and immediatly afterwards attended a wolding suppor given for them by the Old Blue Boy Browery in token of the many years of faithful service rendered the browery horses by blacksmith South. John and Moll O'Goldfurb South were no overcome by this grand gesture that he promined to give up drink. Samuel Crosshatch, the pretzel salesmont who had crashed the wedding party with conniving aid of a friend to say a wholesale dealer in horseshoe nails named Timothy Higgins, was seen learing at the bride.

And a year later in the autumn of 1894 a fine strapping son was born to Kolly and John who was so overcome by this blessing from heaven that he produced to give up drink. They haved the boy Chauncey in honor of Molly's grandfather now dead these many years in old Ireland, sen it was obvious from the beginning that he was exceptional. Quick as a cricket, chart no a whiplash, young Chauncey coon out-distanced all the other children his age although a saide few said behind their backs that this would not be so if the youngster would run upright on his two legs. Samuel Crosshatch was seen leering at the young mother.

Tragety overcame the Scook household for during the fateful number of 1900 while playing on the teachers young Chauseof discovered a strange copper cylinder which had been mashed up by the wave and investigated. Chimbing into the device he began fiddling with controls of some nature surmounting a dashboard. His little playmates

later reported that he and the cylinder vanioned with an effect which set in sotion a series of happenings which were to upset history in the world in times to come. Somet Crosshatch was seen lasering at the grief-stricken wife.

John Gooch was no overcome by the loss of his firstborn can that he gave up drink and died the following winter of analyhits leaving als wife with a child. Eather than take in washing to support the coming taby, the widew looch promptly married Samuel Crossmatch sho just as promptly sold his protect route to Finethy Higgies became the homeshoe sail business was falling off, and retired to live on the meager income his new wife made by taking in waching.

Another child, named Berdaye Grossmatch, who born is 1901 and lived until 1918 at which time he ran away to war and was attled by a bottle of cognet which proved to be a boodytrap when it blew up. His distraught author one so storeone when she received the news that she promised to give up drink. Seased Grosshatch was over learing at a maidservent. Respectie still another child was born into the femily, a gifl, in 1915, who was anned Stripple Grosshatch. In its time this girl grew up to be a first figure of a woman and was eventually woose and won by a joing galiant appearing from cowhere who called himself Champey Smith.

from that fateful moment history marched forward without peace until one day early in 1951, a strange copper cylinder alighted from the shipmering air and out of it teddhed a hungry frightened child who could only remember that his name was Chauncey and that he could easily out distance other children his age. A kindly old couple cased Smith took his into their home to raise as their own and he sinyed with them for twenty years until the day, quite by accident, he was trimaging around in the artic and chanced across a strange copper cylinder. Climbing in and surjously twisting the dials he found mounted above a dashboard the cylinder vanished in chimering air. Unserved by his sudden disappearance, the Smith's gave up drink and killed themselves in a suicide pact.

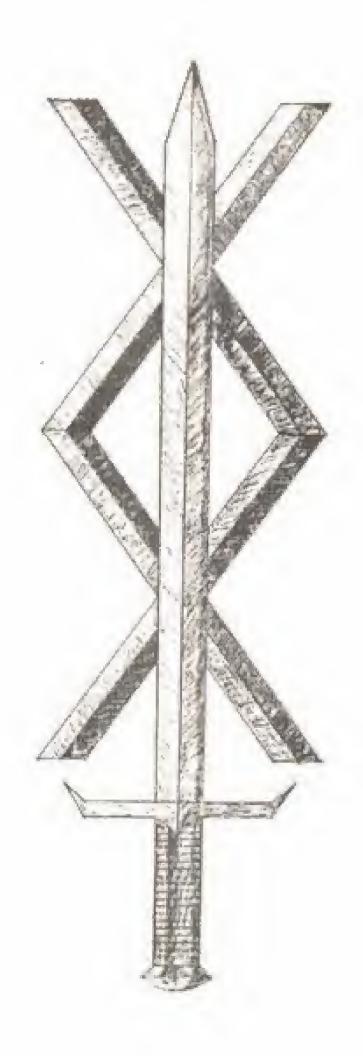
And there you have his story.

-

I did not ask for the unling for to in so would be to display of ignorance: I sirendy know the enting; he had already told me. It ended back in the middle when he married Stipple Crombatch, my mother. I was so touched I promised to give up drink. The bartender was seen learning at me.

= 3.C.R.M.(cond. frm. pg. 64)... ALBC UBLED FROM 2:Al Andrews: Long = Atkine; Med Brooke; Sick Specks; Lee Curuon; Earnhell Clarke; DEA: = : Jack Saughas: Tyle Caulding; Diana Johnston: Coester Haloca; = - Kike Montgomery; Jack Faters; Marold Polmer Piser: Island - Sapiro; Villiam Sterman; Dianne Thucker; Tony and Miss Urie; - Jack Williamson; Jurgen Wolff; Jama Wright; Boughas W. Young;

AND, naturally, Marlan Ellison and THE COMMITTEE!!





We absor violence', thus every member is eligible as a conscion-

We support a moral code consisting of complete individual freedom, except that to have a sepient being to a sin.

We, the Church, may sell indulgenous to those who have sinned.

We will offer membership only to those who can truly believe. The truly believe to those who can truly believe. The truly believe to determine a potential member's ability to believe.)

The purpose of our religion is the gaining of infallibility. In accordance with our policy of personal freedom, we allow our meabers to seek their own preferred state of infallibility. Whichever of the three states a dember chooses to acquire, he will have all the time necessary to attain that state and, also, the well wishes of the Church.

There are three states of infallibility.

A. The Leadership to infallible:

B. The Discipleship is slightly less, but just the same, infallible; and,

O. The Dead are somewhat infallible.

The Leadership is infallible when speaking or catheirs on any subject which follo under the heading "Church Distinces", i.e., anything it chooses to call Church business. The Discipleship possesses the same infallibility except that it is subject to revision by the Leadership. The Dead era infallible backuse anything they may in obviously true.

The Leadership occasists of two supreme offices: The Hallehip and The Whittingtonship. The Hallship controls the secular arm of the Church. The Whittingtonship is supreme in all things moral, spiritual, and religious.

It is the right of the Seadership alone to formulate Church doc-trine and policy.

Any unlistered sotion by Hallship or Whittingtonship is forbidden.

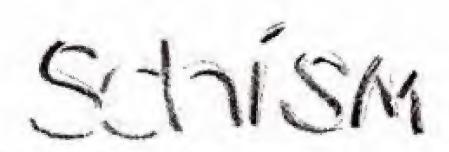
1) Except when necessary, as decided by the Leadership. 2) The Leadership reserves the right to define saptent.

3) The Leadership will, from time to time, these proclamations for the membership to believe.

4] Possession of an exemption from liability to error.



THINK YOU FOR THIS
OFFICIENTY TO ADDRESS THIS
FINE OFFICIALLY ADVISE YOU I
ASSIST YOU IN DEALING WITH THE
DISSIDENT FACTION IN YOUR
CHRISTIAN GROUP: "



Every time I go up to Ray Pisher's againment in St. Louis, he aske me, "And when are you going to write something for Odd, Whittington?" [WHICH SHOULD SERVE TO TEACH ME SOMETHING. BM, RON?]] When I don't happen to have a twenty-five page manuscript ready for him, he gets preved and kloke me in the shine. In retalation for my lack of written material, he then places a record on his stereo, turns the volume oil the way up isbout twice as much so a human dar can stand) [WHICH MAKES IT ABOUT FOUR FINES AS MUCH AS A WHITTINGTON BAR CAN STAND]], and stares quatrically at he while my mind [[?]] to being not-loo-slowly destroyed by the music. Not that I wint that, you understand, it is just that, twice now, I have been severally beaten by Say's nelptions (In their ormsed state of sonic shock, then nin-took we for \_; boy, were they druved!).

While I am on the subject of Ray's atereo, did I mention that he was anked to stop playing religious music because all the atheists in the neighborhood were converting to the faith, convinced that the end was near? But to mention that helf the believers around there shot themselves. One of the local bishops was even called in by a neighborhood improvement association to exercise the Pishere' apartment before Ray discovered that the music was the real reason for all the religious activity in the area.

Speaking of religions. Frother Dave Hall and I started one out at Jefferson College. The Holy Orier of Ism, as it was called, was founded for the sole surpose of declaring a pathetic little chassplaying 'True-Believer a neretic. As this little character was a bit fussy on doctrine, it was necessary to declare the whole field of organized religion a hereby, but, what the hell ( And, anyway, Ray assures me that, technically, present day religion would be considered a hereby by the original four . of it.)

First week (ISM imated only one week, which is furth r proof of its superiority.) Hell mer Senta Moulea: Dave Hall's suggestion, as ISM doesn't recognize the existance of any other "hell" (Except, maybe Miani Beach!). The 'True-Believer' persented that ISM was a parody of his own religious/hereay ( We explained that ISM was much more catholic than that-we parody all organized religion importially) and the Baptists laughed (but they didn't domean themselves to explain the significance of their laughter). The little Noo Newi group at the college warned us not to interfere with their plan for taking over the college (and then the world?'?), and the ISM dammed athetists told us to go to Santa Monica (or, maybe Miani Beach)'

In righteous wrath at their blaschers, Dave and I symbolically burnt ISM at the stake by lighting some matches, generously supplied to us by the 'True Believer', under the amosed eyes of a group of Baptist bystanders standing beside a cheasboard. (The burning of ISE, rather than the bystanders, is so felt, another may in that ISM is superior to Organized religion.)

# THREE

by MARSHALL CLARKE

The boy built a banch.
It was strong, sturdy, enduring, we said.
Solid oak, he confided.
It will stand for centuries.
Maybe more.
We approached his work proudly.
Pointing out every perfection to se.
But he must have singed scrething
Decause he turned his back
And listened to it crumble.

A boy approached me.
Helding commining lightly clutched.
Hey, mister' he said.
Tell me what this is.
Tenderly I took the object.
Examined it, turned to tell.
And the boy disappeared.

A man next to me was reading.

His book was upside down.

I pointed it but

And he went on reading.

How can you? I said.

Way not read it right?

You mean, he maked, your way?

You mean, he maked, your way?

Yes. that's it. The right way. My way.

Here then, he said, you read.

I took the book, prepared to read.

Queer, the pages should be bleak.





# THE INCOMPLEAT ESSAYIST

COMETS, QUIDBLES, AND THE PLY THAT ISS'T THERE ....



Words are alippory things.

Or to turn on obvious fact into a peculiar question:

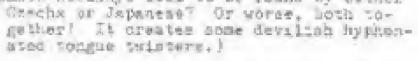
When is a Great Const not a Great Coxet?

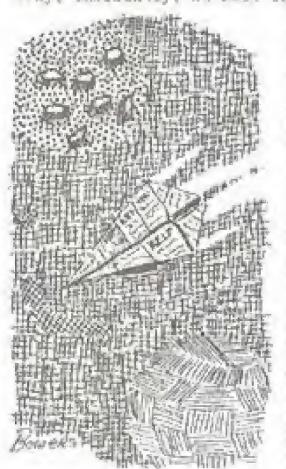
The Harvard astronomer. Fred Whipple, last year described Comet Tanya-Deki (1965f) as "a scientists" comet." Sky and Telegopa for December. 1965, reported that "Favorably placed observers on October 70-21 viewed a bonet so brilliant that it could be seen with the maked eye in broad daylight, if the sun was hidden behind the side of a house or even an outstrached hand." Among these "Avorably placed observers" was Brian S. Maroden, of the Emitamental Deservatory, who was scrutingfully comet with Sr. Whipple through one of the telescopes of the Harvard Osservatory when the immortal atterance was under Taradon states

in an article entitled "The Great Sepat of 1965," in 3. & T., that Proports had been coming in to us all day [Oct. 20th] of fruitless produmn rigids by people looking for the comet's tail ... a great disampointment to meet of the general sublic...

What acceptly seamed to have forgotten in that it is precisely that appearance which is seen by the despised general public which hangs the epithet "great" or one of those luxinous apparitions. I was accept that viewed from this part of the Aperican Mid-Vest, Comet theye-Seki was the most unobtrusive Great Comet of all tips.

1985f and discovered by two Jepanese anateurs on Sept. 19, 1985. Way, incidently, in most cometa newsdays seem to be found by either





The po-discoverer of 19652, Keers Theys, discovered enother comet this year - his fourth. The latest prize was shared with an American physics teacher, giving as theys. Everhart. Mr. Ikaya, according to the New York Place. 10/9/66, is no exployed of a plane factory, and polithes keys. Camet hunting is one of the relatively fee areas where scientific progress has been unsels to cust the anatour from a poultion of primary. Research costs poucht takes time; "disr-gasing" is sopeleasly page.

But to return to the original quibble:

\*\*Ap "Great" A Great Count was in the

\*\*Ap and the relations were being hamp
\*\*Breat by a lack of spectagular effects.

The feeling was that it was high-time for

\*\*Apother prominent calestial ghost. After

\*\*All, our century was been rather deficient

in startling comets. Fredictions were

\*\*Ends for 1985f to be a Great Comet, and at

\*\*Vill be a Orest Comet, co-operate with us

\*\*Of no. Never aind so few outside the ob-

servatories seeing it, it can be just a mice "eclephists" commit.

"Soil becomes very similarly to the Great Compt of 1882 (1882 II) in its close perihelion, breaking up of musicus, etc. These similarities in themselves are pour validity for magnificent titles. Judging from the record, 1983II was a such more conspicuous object. If it was no crighter than 1985f, then it would seem that neither would 1882II decreve frestness. For I may be similared in my emphasis, and it may be that attranspers have been very loose in their application of the term in modern times, but there does not seem to me to be my fair books for stoil descriptive exaggeration in the case of 1985s.

Ny impression is that Ekeys-Seku was sateresting and that valuable absentations were made. But I submit that he entire how interesting

may be a compt's appoints, physical characteristics, or orbital elements, unless the man in the street can capually glasse up and see what to his more (\*) suppositious ascentors was a visible portent, the object can have no demonstrable claim to the title "Great".

let us full to earth again, musing, as we drop, on "mandum vult decipi" - "the world mishes to be deceived", on the latin saying both it.

illustrating the pleasures of charving someous else's gallibility, is a tale from Editiah Columbia, told this Pay 21 by Associated Prova. Seems that in Vencouver, two years before that time, a dog pound officer imagined that at the home of Mr. Dala Brood, he heard to midition to Mr. Frond's two dogs, a third dog barbing. The third dog existed only in the official's stod. But he instated on its reality. Mr. Frond, in a spirit of commendable givin responsibility, bought three licenses - the coverage including "one chinera, male".

This year Mr. From a renoved the licenses for his two dogs. This time he avarloaded the chizers although he had renoved its license in 1965. Mr. Frond later received a letter from City Hall informing him that he is violating the law by possessing an emissi without a license, and that he is point \$5.50 for license removal, as well as \$1.75 as a late registration fee.

In Tiverton, in Devonehire, an enterprising tobacconist by the case of Brain Hiller placed a bowl of clear water in his giop window.

(AP. 3/17/66) Beneath the bowl he placed a sign: "Transparent Chinese-dragon fighting finh". In no time at all a crowd gathered. One can is reported to have archited. "Look, they're fighting. Can't you see the ripples on the water?" Fr. Hiller at first replied to purchase inquirion by alleging that the fish sere not for sale, and at length was moved to declare the fish non-existent as well as non-visible. There was truitated resolies - especially from those who had note the fish. The piscatorial phenomena were on display for only one day, but "power again". Mr. Miller, a chantened man, promises.

Nonetines there we thingo there, but we can't see them because they just left.

## Witheso: Caphanogera pratis.

The following is reprinted from the book, Mature's Waye, by New Chaipton Andrews, Crown, New York, 1991, pp. 24-25: "An insect, the deer not fly, Connerowin practs, in the speed sharpion of the world. A rate of four numbers yards per second, or eight handred and eighteen alian an hour, has been chalken up for old - him, become, for obvious reasons, the female does not fly no fast. That opens has been estimated by the best scientific concretions. Still, I would feel more comfortable obset Cephonomyla's reputation if it were possible to subject it to tents in a wind tunnel. That being sut of the quantion, we must accept the word of Dr. Charles H. T. Townsend, a scientist who has daysted many years to the study of insects, and this one is particular.

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[Val. AXIV] Br. Townsend writes: Regarding the speed of Cephenonyia, the idea of a fly evertaking a ballet is a painful mental pill to scallow, as a friend has quaintly written as, yet these flies can probably to that to an eld-fashioned masket ball. They could probably have kept up with the shalls that the Jerman Big Bertha shot into Paris during the World War. The males are faster than the families, since they must overtake the latter for coltion. Then the males habitually fly at higher altitudes than the gravid families, and thus encounter less friction which enables them to attain greater speeds. On the other hand, on 12,000-foot massive in New Mexico, I have seen that he attained the velocity what were quite certainly the males of Cephenonyia. I could barely distinguish that accepthing had penced only a brownish blur in the six of about the right size for those flies and without sense of form,

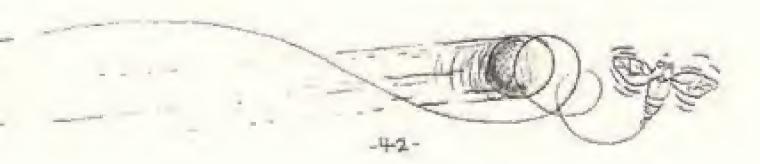
"Dr. Townsend anys in a lotter: 'The time was directed repeatedly with the shutter of a camera. The data are practically accurate and as close as will ever be possible to measure.' If one could drive an airplant of the speed of Cephenomyia for peventeen hours continuously, one could go around the world in a daylight day.

"Although Cophenoxyia files at high altitudes where air recistance is reduced, in the lowlands of New Jorsey there lives a considerable larger fly which can take off from a twig with such velocity that it is uttorly impossible to see where it has gone."

I sust confess that if called upon to identify a brownish blur passing as at 616 mph, or any appreciable fraction thereof. I would be rather at a loss. Apparently, Cephenomyia pratti is shat can be called "a scientists fly", evan inough it makes Dr. Andrews and Dr. Townseni's quaint friend feel unconfertable. But then, I suppose that anything racing about faster than a masket ball upuld get on anyone's nerves sooner or later. It is with a measure of pique that one notes how lacking in the precision of their calculations are the maturalists. An astronomy would surely give more exact figures, may 817.98 mph.

I wonder if Cephenoryia pratti has what could be described as a "whirl-wind courtable"?

"Officer, stop that fly!"



THE INN OF THE SIGN OF THE DRAGON

by David W. Hall

Under the Northern Pire.
When the firbulyinter care creeping,
Chawling with a stinging chill,
Slayer of nope, and death to leaghter,
A frost-eyed giant storming.
Northward, Doossward.
All the world prepared
For the Death's Day battle;
Heroes cowered, and kings came broaved,
'Twee not to the liking of warriers;
Hell with spure was gothering,
Death with laughter rocking.

From the south a traveler,
Alone, with him orimson cleak
Frapped tight about him.
Rode along the Greenway.
Northward alone rode Nichelas Drake.
Child of the proudling Krainer Hall.
Who sought to make him name now.
Now in this time of durkness.
Fought to fight with texts
In the Sattle of Sell's Door.
But camper had weakened the duckling.
And the wind start upon his soft face.
Till at an inn no stopped for resting.
For ale and ine round of laughter.
At the and ine cound of laughter.

A that we the Line . mad . aledee mes and fullen From Larum neuto to Ayra. And will porose toe can-lands; The till sor diely highted, NO mothe new case to Brake's ser: lo mon . ere were laughing. Ets foetsteps comped gilent last too vooden floor. The Last writ rold or all life. i darner . Doints mer ve. eitting. .A .. or make from a winged cup. "Wall, yaring warrior". He onlied: -1 . ILI was deled and nealy. int of tear and drive you Trie . o hammen a might"

"Men may it to the hour that The finkulwinter coneth, And I go to join Lexis, Whose forces seet a Hell's Door,"

The glaced-eyed etranger cried.

The glaced-eyed etranger cried.

There exists I can't surmise.

Hell's Door. Now useless

To be a hero, and a dead ons.

Dit instead a moment, and drink,

With me come als. Twill reignite

The fire which has gone out from your eye.

Richolas Drake came slowly, For he feered this heary stranger, And he est about the table, And lifted, slow, the ale glass; Forthward was were gathering, Northward, heroes swarming.

"But winutes can I stay, And then again be riding. For I must reach to Hell's Door Before the norming breaketh."

Into the stranger's eye a glint came, like flint rubbed against a stone. There is die. Ignobly. Stay instead The night out. I so celdon have Company now that the North has grown cold." And he emiled, a hellish emile list awakened fear in the warrior.

Toung Drake had a tallmunt, Given by a verlock, And it teld when denger neared him; The talienes teld now. Ficheles Drake sprang forth, And draw his every in a beinkling.

At that soment, the stranger rose.
And flame issued from his mouth;
Bis tood fell back, and at the etiphes.
Eis clothing enapped, and fell namy.
And he grew, his skin grew wrinkled.
Until - not flesh, but scales Unon his skin was standing.

But Drake had courage pulsing With the blood of his body; And he lept forward, ignoring The spiriting blue-spite flame. A mortel blow he atmak, And the dragen twisted his tail. And felling forward, gasping, Segan to die at the table. Els libs covod.

His voice femued forward, hornible. "Listen to me, Nick of Drake. for this power is given to me. Go thou not to Hell's Door. Be content thou with this dead, For by your dourage you have been Braver than the best. fione but Iwapple, sons goos, Could have stood egainst me. I am Nordndok whom you've alain, With a single herolo elach -If you go to Hell's Door, I see you go, but not return.

And then he passed, Norindok. The syll one of ages long. Who many a life had stolen From travelers who peneed through Travelers luckless enough: To stop at the Inn of the Pragon.

And Micholas Drake his hores took, and Eicholes Drake rode porthward. To fight in the onige of Hell's Door -To be one of a million at Hell's Poor -And died unknown at Hell's Door. When Lexis fought with Guaran.





# INGLAND (OB) SCENE + OBSERVED

EN'LIF RARU SORTON

Ead news for America - I'll be coming back next year. I discovered this student organization called BUNAC - British Universities Worth America Club, and this epocacra relatively cheep sixty pound return ticket flights - that includes a Broadway notel and airport to airport transport, so all to all it's pretty good value - I sent off a twenty-five pound deposit cheque today, I discovered that amount in an all sevings account I'd forgotten about - luckily as it turned but. To rates the rest of the cast I'm working this and must vacuations - this one i'm in a local hotel bar - can't keep as away from the places! All I've get to do now in pass by example the summer so that I don't have be resit then in September and thus rule any bitue I make for the number.

Other problem is that of work; namely, I was wontering if you could suggest or if you know of any sort of work that would be available to students like as in the summer - admithing for a couple of contant, July and August or constains or the sort - preferably mental rather than physical, but anything attempted in a good cause beyond a tectotal job in the hearest Endseiser factory or coal tining! Could you give me any help about this? This is 1'd like to work for say a couple of months, and spend most of the money - if there were to be any left, which would be doubtful, on recing the west of the country. I've relations in Vancouver, and so forth . . can you think of saything, or do you know of anyone where I could get some kind of job - so real idea of what myself; advertising offices' or anything subitious like that available for temporary work in suggest 77?

Doubtland you have been weeping with the eating British nation over the latest injustices of Oblquitous Harold, our beloved premier. Set only does he try to sell Erstein out of Rhodesie, he fails at that, and then tries to drag the UN in: and the latest thing he's done is - or rather his government - propose a ban on all sanking in public of any sort - this is what one might call paternalistic dictatoranip - 'now, asa, wanay, you menta't caske, it's bad for you, and Uncle Harold will punish you by merding you to bed early if you're naugoty. Se a good soy and go and play with your teddy beer Reath instead . . . I see that Swother George Evon has been ingrativiting placelf first with the Russians, who really dug his homely followinger ... "We're all beathers, beathers', and now the ON ... 'Earchd's Year upeasy about the situation' ... Actually T don't dishike Prove as with as the others, he's what one might call as horest fool, union is really sore dangerous than anything еізе, І виррома.

Also see that debort Kennedy and the quote of the year when he flew into Florence not so long ago, surveyed all the rulned art treatment. The florded streets, the biserable and starring to-

habitants in the arechase of their phasessions and notes, posed for a few photos is customery smiling pose, and tagely announed in a voice sufficiently loud for all the mixes and premiums to rick up. This is a human problem ... ... now that 's west I call a really brilliant statement . . remints me of the FAIL OCHS IN CONCERT albus I bought some time ago, with the following blurb about a new file to the song he sings of lied RISGING OF REVOLUTION... Bemebody-or-siner to Corgot who playe to Cat Manny Frank Similar plays Fidel Castro, Result Deagen plane George Murchy (big sheer from hip eroud): John Mayne playe Lynden ichnaon (bigger cheer from jolitically myare proud), and lynden plays Cod. | (Cheer that makes the diet jump a couple of granves, this time ergressing natifical agareness of the cross.) 'I play Bobble Dyler ... the young subbie Dylan. ' Beneral agasement from the more purist elegents of the proed...good ourseries Fhil Cabe is ... be seem to have he engracus political obtp on his shoulder the - you know his stuff, don't you - I think I remember beeing a Phil Done album macag your massive collection - ALL THE REVS THAT'S FIT TO SING, \_ taine? Assesing the - gets at Bylan spains ... the other older a veton came to me...turned out it end God...maid, Whin is God. Oche, over... I said, you're juiting to on, of course, Dylan ... even bigger obser cofore this one - profeser as inti-Christian bymn - lat of valid Critician of Christianity, I thought here. Other good songs on that elbum - that dianger one, and so forth.

Mave been wading thru five or aix of Honry Milior's books recently. They're by Alisot, the I thought tropic of caresh wasn't as good as the othern I've read - forhaps because it was the first he wrote and his sigle weap't completely mature, but even that is a very absorbing brak. Curantes 'one Caterne as an angry young can one Engular as a heat by at least twenty or thrty years. Another great book five just read to I CLAUDIUS, the historical povel that details with scapings and accurate mintertool authoritoity the first forty years AD of importal Roos - I particularly liked the descriptions of Calignia, who was nuts. At one point he drew the entire Moman army up against the sea and proceed them to granck at - he generally believed that he wan declaring war on Reptude, whom no didn't like, we a rivel God. The only caspallies were a couple of moldiors who got stung by a julyfreh and bitten by a lebyter. On returning to Bone, he ordered a triumph. to be accomist big on the he had wan esas major victory. He surdered his father, the this is elightly doubtful, enem he was eight, and got rid of his morner, not to mention his sisters - the later on. Fred to so into tite of uncontrolished laughter at the notion that he could execute anyon a he liked, and he prospeded to have it lone just for bloks. One opening, on delibers oly opened the Sames with lousy unitaln and even worse bunters, and when sections of the crays based. Le but the Guard erreat them and throw ther in massed against the acimals for enterteinment instead of the hunters. Hold have Jone well as a kind of modern beaut Bruce I rock on - refreshing sickness about him...ugh" His best ast one to fulfill a prophecy untak anth se would councy yide - he harme normes the bay of somewhere-or-other than second coperor - so on lecoming experor, having helped Therrine on his way. os acchares the entire fleet, and suilt 2000 shipp for the purpone, sormer this bay, is a double line. He cared off the prove, laid plants and earth, act role soross at the head of his orny, later re-Turning with a cross of over 100,000 and starting a party. Then every was was drank as gathered his friends and went around pushing people id. The carrator mays in a barmi tone only ; or ; number pressed.

teen, tiving of that, he got late his flagship and ranged the fragile causeway, forcing the drouds into a smaller and smaller area in the middle of the bay by cutting it in two places, and gradually bringing the area in the middle down. Finally all the partified and by now color citizens were on a tiny area in the middle, hanging on for near life, when Coligula, mailing happily, remand the lot with his ship and dround them all. It's a wonder to me that he laster a made four years without assaulmation - at that period six in a row were mirelyed. Perverted lot

I'm afraid that happenings at Movemetto University can't quite match up to such inspired avil as Caligu; a and bis lot got up to, but we do our best - (nedest maile, blushes, and funbles around with fingers) - to satisfy. Some of the arunken orgies that are carried out in the Rin Hoos in the Union are almost at Here's standard, I would amount. I may have mentioned the computat sorded fact that two and a balf thousand beer glacace got broken there last year. The the har floor than,'t been the name place ever since the Gilbert and Solliver society took the place over on Monday nights by commissing secrilego in singing hymns and - grap, shutter - clean songe! They had it their own way for several weeks before being finally defeates, the vauel demistre in the place were too antoniuhed at cuch avil to make effective opposition and the neights of iniquity were reachwit a few wooks ago when some of the regular bund were so perverted by these legions of - wlp - descrey and respectability that they gave up toging to sing Direct Direct in opposition and began sturing carein instead. However, order was rentored and the Ban Room regained for usual observe harmony when one Howard Close, who have been mentioned in previous missives, stood up and milesced the entir Gilbert and Ballivan Society by giving forth in a gloriously passable initation of Caraso 'Khan you're feeling glum Stick a finger up your oum. When you're feeling glotty stick a finger up your clotty, and the world's a sap-hap-happior place.' This inopired recital routed the logicum of evil and everyone was happy and went back to their usual buninand of getting drunk, emaching thinge, and bincking Faul Brooks' balls - he is the Union Frenident, universally unpopular; and the insident I refer to took place a year ago when several hefty thatmotors who disliked him enough took him into the John, and covered his from the waint down in black book police. He see lost in nobbing ignominary, and there was notary to console the poor fallow - to got als own back thru ordering everyone about even pore obnortously. bullying the Point officels, and generally asking for another blacking, which room't yet open his ver - the characters who perpetrated the last disactor on his serotum were fined five pounds each! Fight just about have been worth it!

I did last torm what I've seem others do but never up till new did ayoulf - picked a girl up at a party but was so drunk that I contdo't remember having done it afterwards. In fact I was so nappy at that party I don't redember anything for four hours of it, the I was apparently live and kicking all the time. I was derively emberranced for a whole week afterwards by being told unat I'd been doing and saying - especially the latter - while in this disgusting eithertan. It's a wonder I have any friends left after that outberns - this girl and at really versied wondering what I'd told her - she hept telling we all my slowest accrete, which I did not like at all. In vice vertice, and I won't to that again. Lockily, I don't make a mabit of that part

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of thing like some people with a lot of money and health do...must have been a good party the since I don't remember anything much about it beyond arriving at it half drunk and leaving it like a spectic paralytic or something. Luckily I didn't go to many more parties; on it is I'm broke despite that backshes 25 pounds...would situation' Runt mimit that I never quite believed the testness about telling all your secrets under books - thank god I had no really important ones, or they'd have gone too'

Ascent of work I did was zero - there's nothing new there except for the fact that it wasn't my fault, I just ween't given very such work to do - energiage, but I'd almost have selected More essays and ac forth to write, I had three in the entire term. That's what they call education, I suppose - leaving us to our can devices to go to sell to our can way. They don't seek exactly enstatically interested in students as a whole though. No real remote shy they should I suppose: most of the university staff are there for research first and their teaching chores are merely secondary.

Headline news tonight on tw yet enother laughable enample of cureaucratic bungling - this dangerous original in for life who has escaped
from Larizoor prisos. Turns out he escaped from an outside working
party - allowed this privilege because he has behaved himself for the
last year, and we thought he'd referred. Very unfortunate, the whole
thing.' It now also transpires that unknown to car beneficial prison
authorities, thus character has been visiting a local pub every week
for accordance to an other words, breaking out of prison every
week for an evening's drinking in the local pub, and then breaking
back into prison without anyone being the wiser. And to headline all
this, a new prison refers project recommends that prisoners be allowed
special suites at the weekends in order that they might entertain
tout vives. As a spokessen for the project said, in all seriousness:

- 'prisoners and their vives should be allowed to cleap together in
order to talk things over.' Quote of the year I call that!

Scattless you are at present having beautiful seasonal weather. Just like we are in this country with rain, sleet, and not a little ence, not to mention a bloody freezing wind coming from all quarters. Just to make things more uncomfortable. Christman and all that so I'd butter be happy I suppose...scanon's greedien and so forth to all and when's the next ODD coming off the presses???

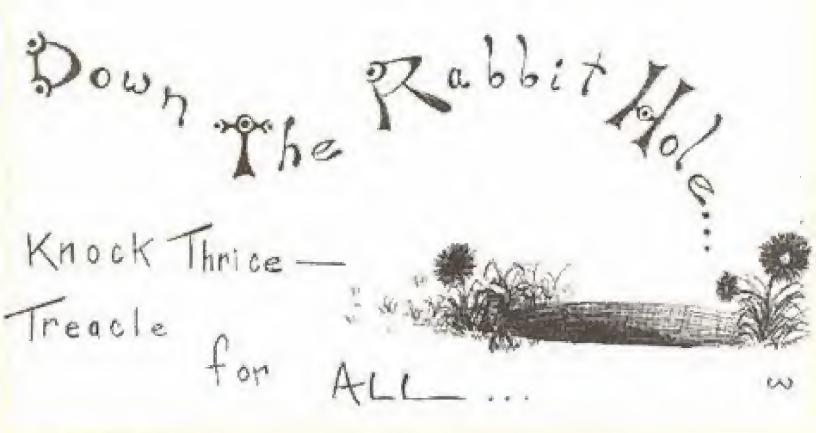
RICHARD GORDON .....

[[IF EVERYTHING GOES AS THANKED, ODD SHOULD BE -- MAILED DUT SCHEPINE THE FIRST VIEW OF JAN. ]]

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES:

"Rithmangun mine Anthronito"

Andes.



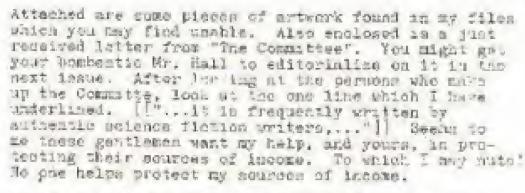
BILLST-DOUX.....

Dear Ray ...

Well, I read CDD # 14 with some mingivings. Seems to me that effer 14 years it should have stayed buried. [[ANNAW, ENUCKS:]] Or maybe I'm just too sid for this sort of stuff — would rather fish, bunt, play golf or do just about earthing else other than reading fancines. Just finished up "Bent's Fort" by David Lavender the other night, and somehow Odd just doesn't compare; of course, I'm comparing apples and oranges, but I'd still rather read a pollabed pro.

... Hall's orthique on Vonnegut, Buith, Parmer was an poor and repetitions as he claimed the material ne was reviewing was. Expanse such so "It's all SEF staff, stuff with no content and almost no point" really carnot be considered good critician. For if Ball had told us why he thinks Vonnegut writes as he doss ... . ab, now that would be interesting. But it would require some research, which almost no santour writter wants to bother with. Vonnegut's an interesting gay. He used to work for the same organization that now employs me. "Player Pieno," a novel, was his first, written while he still worke, for G-E, and the Illium works described therein to notually the O-E plant at Schenectady, NY. Although the book didn't net his much, it did bring his offers to write for magazines. So he quit, and to support himself cranked out those short-stories for the Post, Collier's, etc. Whether you or I or Dave Hall liked them, the editors of those magazine's did -- which was really who Vennegut was writing for -- and at \$1,000 to \$1,500 for 2,000 words or so I'll write anything anyone wants. In fact I helped out a friend recently by writing three chapters of a book on data processing for \$50. Considering the wordage, that pay is lovey. However, considering I

only spent two evenings on it, \$25 for each three hours work comes about 48 as hour, which is more than I make satching televiation. [ ] golf AGREE: I'D HAVE TO SEP PAID TO WATCH IT, TOO. [ ] But back to Vonceget. You'll find a rig gop in his writing career. He went dry on thous. ... at marks the end of the short story ported and the return to novels.



Frankly, I think you should give up Odd and take up fashing, but with the investment you have in the equipment I'm sure you won't. So hope the exterial domen in bandy.

Dick Heterry. 590 Links. Illinois

[ AS A FOREIR CO-EDITOR, AND PRIEND OF MANY YBARS, DICE BUSHERY KNOWS RIGHT MALL VHEREOF HE SPEAKS.

POUR CENT PARLAY ON WHAT HEED TO BE A PENET POSPCARD Dear Ray.

Thence for OBD \$14. The best things about it have the cover. Burbse's article about assend-hand booksellers, and the two articles by lave Hall. Segarding his Tolkien erticle, Fauline Diena Baynon did the artwork for Parmer Giles of Hem. not Tolkion. Also I think to entrue to say 1.2.2. 10 a "femalet." I agree, however, that The Ford of the Stage & The Hobbit are the only outstanding things that Tolkies LAR done.

Ing wornt things about ODD are some of the poetry, Kennedy's "The Passing of Arthur." Happy Bilbe Saggin's Birthday to You, Blud , by Hall (Tolkies never did anything that bad), and the editorial. [[IN WORDS OF SENTER, CONSYSUCTIVE CRITICISM, "BIVE MY ASSI")

I nope you send me the next tesue (free that to it's and worth fifty cents yet, eltitougn it may be at a later date? I'll comment on any fersion you aché.

FUBLISHED OF COMMENT USE TO HAVE BEAR ALL DEFENCE OF CONCRET VILL), ALTHOUGH YOUR FORTCARD OF COMMENT USE T WORTH TO ELTER. IT HAY BE AS A LAYER DATE. I'LL READ ARY LETTERS OF COMMENT YOU CARE TO MAKE, ]]

-- Reg Smith, '509 M. Mer-Len, Senta Ans, Celifornia 92706-

A REMEMBAT SMADOWED LETTER

Bear Reymond:

You've got quite a 'nime, this CHO Magazine. When maked by a fallow Denver for to write a LOC on it I sat down to really tear in apart and was going to only swell on it's faults. [[8087 OF OBLECTIVE CONDENTARY, I TAKE IT...]] After I gut into it I was too fascinated to do any objective thinking. It is one of the more professional looking 'sines I've ever seen.

I guess I'll start with the only flex I could find. I am sufering to the cartoon on page 26 by May Melson. I don't mean to preach ([TEARX TOU.]), but [[I REW IT... I JUST KHEW IT!]] in my opinion that cartoon has no place in a fancing. [[YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT WE WHAT LUCKY.]] If May wants to call that kind of stuff [[YOU MEAN 000D?]] I'm sure he'll find a market in Flayboy or other such magnature. It is this kind of art work and literature in fancings that tends to give Science Flation and Fantany a computat shadowed mase in the eyes of those who do not know this great field for what it truely is. [[OS, CORE OS...YOU'VE SOF TO BE KIDDING!]] After having read the citorial, articles, poess, and other artwork up to this point, I was really disappointed to see that cartoon. [[OC DOE: 1 LOCK,]] Well, enough on that. [[TOT DAY THAT HOW, BUT DO TOU MEAN IT?]

Both the front and suck covers were very good and I am looking forward to seeing that Gaughan cover on your next issue. [[COVERS, EDTS PROST AND BACK...AND INTREIORS, TOO!]] I just don't see why you didn't save the Roger back cover and work it in as a front cover in a later issue. [FOR TWO REASONS. :] WE ISTEND TO BRING YOU THE HORT AND THE ERST ART THAT IT IS POSSIBLE FOR US TO OSTAIN. AND, NOME INFORTAST. :] WH. GAUGHAN IS IN ADDITION TO BRING A SUPERR ARTIST, A GENTLEMAS OF GREAT GENEROSITY. EROUGH SO THAT WE SAVE SEVERAL SAUGHAN'S IN THE SLACEHOO AND A HINT THAT THERE RIGHT, FROM TIME TO TIME, HE ORR OR TWO NOME(AT SOME FUTURE DATE).]] Rost of the interior artwork is very professional looking, and I must admit that analoged all Belson's work except for the one contioned earlier. [YOU DIDN'T REAS IT......] First place in the poetry department seemed to be a look-up between BOOKSELLER by F. Anton Read and OVARD by Marsonall Charks, although all the poetry was a stone's through the usual families material. PANDENS TO THE STAR-BROGTEN by Complete Burkes was the best article. Just about every word in that places can be verifyed by the majority of famo. THE INCOMPLEAT



" Jan Wiles State than 2 from the State of t



ESSAYIST by Paul J. Willis ran a close second. Art-wise: The turtles illustrating the Editorial

I say again. You have a very good 'sine. With a little more weeding out of below-per material it will easily become an excellent 'sine.

Although i'm sure you won't need it. I wish you lack in the re-birth of ODD Magazine.
Albert C. Ellie, 1775 South Funi St., Denver.
Colo.
80223

[[TRALES FOR THE GOOD WORDS, FLATTERY WILL GET YOU EVERYWHERE, AT LEAST IT GOT YOU TRIE ISSUE. LOCKY YOU! ONE LITTLE THING, THOUGH, YOU MEN-TICKED THAT YOU DIDN'T THINK THE NELSON CARTOON OF PAGE 26 OF THE LAST ISSUE WAS QUITE SUITABLE FOR A PARILY FARBINE, SUT YOU DIDN'T BAY WHY. WHI? ]]

FURNE TOU SHOULD MENTION IT! Dear Mr. Fisher:

Thank you for your kindness in sending me the copy of your magazine. ODD \$14, with the Jack Gaughan lilustration for ROOMS DRAGON on it. I also enjoyed Bay Helson's furny cartoons and the illustration for ROSUS DRAGON by Jack Gaughas. Europe's thing on bookshops and the two book reviews by Dave Hall were also very good, and so was the illustration by Jack Gaughan of ROSUS DRAGON. So thank you both very much Hav and Ers Fisher for your kind thoughts and may you get a good dragon on your very first hunt.

Avram Davidson, 764 Ashbury St., San Francisco, Colifornia 94117 [[OB, YOU ROOVE, DRAUGIN' JACK GAUGHAR'S NAME IN LIKE THAT. THE!]]

SHORT, BUT SWEET!?!

Evens in dead.

i4 years between Issues? Ond. Comments such as they are, on \$14. Good cover. Whodes' work is good throughout the issue....Liked "The Bookseller". Yery good....Poens by Joyce also good....."Durre" by Clarke is pretty nothing. So are cartoons (?) by Ray Eelson. Also Sordon's item...Walter Parkin counds like Stephen L. Fickering (chudder)....Dave Hall is perceptive....I'd ony something about Youl William but I'm too lasy. Welcome back.

Roy Tookett, 915 Green Valley Road SV, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107 [[90 AN I. TRANK YOU. ]]

[[NORTHER REMORDS OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPE

A REAL, LIVE, HONEST-TO-COD-SUBSCRIBER

To the Mditors:

Thank you for sending to copy \$14 of the "revived" ODD. I have unclosed two dollars for six tesues. [[WORDS FAIL MR. BUT I HOPE YOU'VE SET A TREED.]]

For me, Jeyos Fisher's poetry proved to be the most enjoyable partion of \$14, even though she, David Hall and Becker Stage seem obsessed by blue wheles. [ IF ONLY SEEMS THAT WAY. ACTUALLY WE'RE ALL HUNG UP ON FEMOUSES.]]

ODD will succeed if the editore insist upon clear, simple, readable writing.

...ODD'S readers deserve the clearest nost communicative writing possible. Lete give it to them and leave the Latin and number jumbs to the theologians, lawyers and other growers of vegetables.

F.S. Will the Pages of ODD \$15 be numbered? [] IN CLEAR, COMMUN-ICATIVE VEITING - TES! ]]

Mr. U. Chichester, 7002 Edgewood Place, Tuoson, Arisons 35704

BURBES IS ACTUALLY SUCH OLDER TRANSLED.

Dear Ray Picher:

Excuse the handwriting and the brevity - both are attributable to the fact that I recently underwent minor eye surgery and won't get back to typing duties for another few weeks, after being fitted with a contact lone.

Meanwhile, however. I can mand - and thus was able to enjoy ood, thanks to you and to Chaster Malon.

First of all, velcome back to fan publishing --- and thanks for offering material by Charles Surbee and his contemporary, Main-rich Kley. (Burbee is actually such older than Kley, but I'm trying to be flattering to him -- no sense flattering Kley; be's long dead).

I was perticularly pleased with THE INCOMPLEAT ESSAYIST, a fine and forthright statement indeed, and one deserving of serious consideration

Your list of fen names for which you dowire addressed really brings back nemories. Sorry to tell you that S.S. Syanz died in 1957, but happy to tell you that Lee Hoffman is now a Dirty Pro and can be reached o/o tes Books, I'm sure. Heaven known where the others are.

But it's good to know where you are - back in fanzine, and with a very fine specimen. I'm most pleased you remembered he and gave he a look at it --- and all the best to you and your particularly-gifted spouse.

Robert Bloch, 2111 Summer Crest Drive, Los Angeles 46. California

-5 4-

WHAT BYER HAFFENED TO BONEY BUINT DUCKT DOWNY SWEETER CRICKEN PIN LI'L' EVERLOVIN' JELLYREAR'S

Dear People (1 presume...) [[YCH DC:]]

I object violently to Dave Hall's casual essortion, "Younggut is praised out of all reasonable proportion by Tambec . . " Vennegut may or may not have been present out of proportion in YAMDRO, but sertainly not by TANDRO. TANDRO, in so much as an immate object can have opinions, is anti-Vonnegut. (Also mildly anti-Cordwainer Smith and definitely anti-Fallard, if anyone carea.)

I do think have is a little hard on Farmer. Just because the poor guy case up with strikingly brilliant ideas in his first few short of the ideal he is prosptly attacked (sort of like an old cart-horse being beaten over the head to induce him to hand an overloaded vehicle. ) After all. The Maker Of Universes was not Parmer's first bad book (has Dave read The Green Oddyssey?) and it won't be his last one. It's bad certainly. But it's not had be-

emung Li'm on Ada book (Green Oddysney was Ballantine) and 1: hardly means that Former's writing has degenerated. Jo it's a pot-boiler -- what alse was Tongues Of The Moon (a Pyramid release)? In between brillians insignts, Parmer writes potbeilders. So do most other writers. (Most off writers do little else, in fact.)

I agree with Dave fully on the Talkier material, except for Parmar Olles Of Ham. There I think he's off a bit. Certainly. Siles is no book for the never intended as a book for adults. It was written as a book for children, and young children at that. (Not being a child authority, I wouldn't vecture a guess at the age level. except that it is low; Jeanith useld probably know.



Great Mr. A. meet the Compus Mr. B.

As to whether The Tolkien Resder will be accepted by Tolkien fans. I Summe. After all, the Moward Tans accepted Alaurio: faan of a particular abthor are the least distributeding type of fan there is.

While Parkin's use of the term "morels" is technically correct, the term is all top often associated exclusively with religiously based systems of normin -- I wish be'd used "ethics" instead. (I also with the article had had some relation to the title, but we can't have everything. ) Yes this reprinted from READER'S DIGIST? The language sounded familiar, but NOW didn't give credit so I games it's original. [[NO, IT'S NOT YET A REPRIED, DELESS YOU WISE TO RUE IT IN YARDRO...]]

Robert Moulson, Route 3, Martined City, Indiana 47548

THE INTIMIST TOUGH YES CORN POISONING... Sear [[Folke]]

It cortainly is amazing to find a faunine in which the poetry is the maring grace. Vousily it is the death of a familie, and there are a few presty deadly stemm in "COP" also, to be perfectly homest ... such an "Quard". I almost died of corn seisoning when I read it. My God, it ever has a politics named "loe." "Regular guy, Joc." He's gotta be kidding.

By contrast, Joyco's little line drawings in words are really emaning. They are exacting without the contrast. Even the Isnat of the lot, "Last Tourt" hun a freehness and straightforward simplicity that is quite unusual, though if you had individualised more you could have avoided the Laprosaton that here was one more "end of the world" thing. That's what made the difference, for me. between writing that strikes home and writing which doesn't. It is what I call the "Intimist Town". The Intimist Touch is the exact opposite of the "Everynan Mifect".

In an intikiet pose or story or letter, it is not just any soldier who dies or not just any last guest who sits alone at a tuble at the and of the world. It is a cortain individual guest or soldier, with his own unique outlook and life history. The posts I most admire, the Japanesse masters Bangs and Izan, are able to get this individual effect even seen limited, in the Heiku form, to only a few aylables.

When Icea writes

be brave, Skinay frog. Hore I sa To back you up.

we see the whole outlook of the man in a flach. Even if nebedy and told be, I would have guessed that this poon is by Issa.

When Basho writes

The ten darkens. The ories of the sengulla Are frienly white,

we know we are dealing with Sasho, and that Basho really seen things. When an Ascricar tries to write Halks, the result is usually

a disaster. Take Any Leasil's "To a Bushand", for instance.

Brighter than the fireflies upon the Will River

Are your words in the dark, Deloved.

There you can see the benelity of the Louell poss, that you can see that words do not glow in the dark, that the Uji River is actually nothing to Miss levell but a little "local color", and that her burband is really nothing mora to her than an "ideal num", interchangable with all other "ideal men" and equally faceloce.

The Intimist quality that I seek but seldon find in postry is plainly present in Joyce's "Sanotagry". I like the way she used the

the impliery of Christianity in the way no believing Christian could. bringing out the darker meanings beaind the Sunday school platitudes. of "veils" and "grails."

Con never makes an appearance in Greenland. Because in Greenland the air is very cold and clear. It is hot climates that cloud men's misds, make then see mirecles where there are no miracles and miss. because of the dust in their eyes, the real mirecles that happen yvery day.

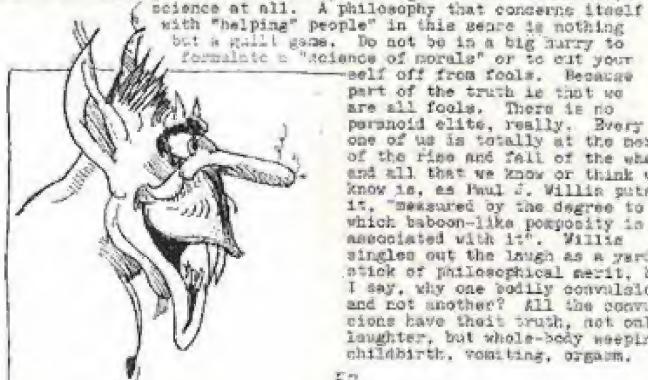
It is in cold, clear dismates that the Great Blue Whele rises and falls, lifting us up and letting us fall, and that is a true miracle. I was talking on the phone last night to a friend of mine who told no he wished to find importality by freening himself, a fantamy of frigidity now made real by the surrealiza of modern actence. I told him to forget about curvival. Nobody survives. The thing to learn is the right way to burn up, the right way to ride the whole and dive with it. He was norrefice ...

... Vnon I took LSD I learned that there is only one him, and that is to stick, to be rigid, to refuse to bend and flow, to rice and fall with the wale. The Christians, clutching a life they never really lived, die with posic, but when I die it will be with a ghastly backing lauge.

"Dunce faster, love... The Vinter is approaching."

We dance, and die. We ride the whale, then fall. We sit alone in a great hall, waiting for the end. That is the only scoret there is, right?...

"The Science of Morale", Indeed! On closer examination we find no science at all, but only the classic symptoms of paramois. The poor, misanderstood genius squelched by slander. How sad. And the old lie of Flato repeated ... thild idols for the masses but let the elite (us) to on seeking the "real truth." A science of morals that ends with building an idel for the poor minguided ones is no moral



formulate a "science of morals" or to cut your self off from fools. Because part of the truth is that we are all fools. There is no personal elite, really. Every one of us is totally at the mercy of the rise and fall of the whele, and all that we know or think we know is, as Paul S. Willia cuts 17. Weisured by the degree to which baboon-like pomposity in associated with it. Villia singles out the laugh as a yardstick of philosophical merit, but I say, why one bodily convalsion and not another? All the convulcions have their truth, not only laughter, but whole-body weeping, childbirth, romiting, organa.



denoing in a trance. Life is a operalaton. Death is a nothing, a milence after that convulnion. [[ PAUL VILLIS ALLOWS AS HOW HE AGREED. HE BAYO, FURTHERMORE, THAT HE IS PREPARED TO CONSIDER THE MATTER IN MORE SPECIFIC TERMS. TO MIT: "THAT MOST 'PHILOSOPHICAL REACTIONS' ARE BASICALLY A SERIES OF INTESTINAL ENUCTATIONS, OF VARYING DECREES OF 'INTERSITY'." []

And, though Dave Hall doesn't know it yet, the world is already over-mun by the goddawn blue whale. [[50 THAT'S WHAT MARKS MY PRORT ROOM SOOR SO HAND TO OPEN IN THE MORNINGS:]]

I am you.

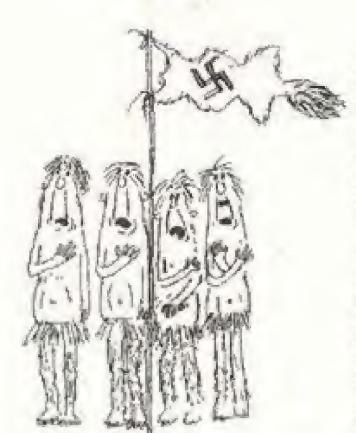
Ray Heleon, 333 Ramona Ave., El Cerrito, California

#### COD'S KIND OF PROFILE

... Systems of morals vary with the peoples who have them. For a camaibal it's quite imporal not to set at least some part of the gink or woman or child he has killed. Sust the blankin' reverse with us! But I think if our present incumbent in the White House had to est a chunk of every GI, of every Gook who is dying in his was for the Great Society, his appetite for murder by proxy would so badly be spoiled that it would - or might" - once to a screeching balt.

The Upper Chans has one set of morals, their stooges have another set forced upon them. I steal my neighbor's house and I go to jail. Histor Big!!! steals a newspaper and: "Mail to the Chief".

There was a woman here who killed a young American Mani in what appeared to be celf defense. While she was on trial in a nearby part of the state, I wrote himsenar the judge of that trial and



esked him if the woman would be free
if she had killed a communist. As
it was, they found her not guilty by
reason of insanity and sent her to
the bushouse at Fueblo. I draw no
"moral" from that, and I do not
duggest one. [[NO COMMENT NECESSARY.]]

PORMAN G. MARKHAM, 1544 Race St. Denver, Colorado 80206

1

... The repro is unbelievable: lote of blank space could be stillined with more goodies. Blank spaces do make one think of little unborn ghosts...

Jamie Lamb, Egute 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tenn. 37754

### LINES FROM LONDON (OR THERRADOUT)

...Gorden on Britain was a trifle over the marker, but in general, what he says in true. Rink skirts (scheme properly filled) are hideous. Even good legs look gawky while the wearer is standing. White stockings...gad, our birth rate will go down and down...who can get worked up over white knitted bumps??? [THAT KIGHT BE A REAL SHALING FOINT IN THEIR FAVOR, COSSIDERING THE POPULATION PROBLEM.]] Wilson is a mit, and we're ever regimented...all the Broden tiles were excellent, with the sucception of that backup of a verse [7] need at the end of the two posms. Ray Nelson's staff was not extatending I'm afraid... [CERTAINLY, YOUR OPINION IS DOWNTHING WE ARE GLAD TO HAVE: HOWEVER, WE LINED 'EM. ... THANKS FOR LETTING UP HEAR FROM YOU, THO, AND ALSO FOR THE LOVERLY ILLOS...]

3. T. Jeeven, 30 Thompson Rd., Smeifieldil, Bugland

#### TOTALES FORE

Quaint - 1: ain't Nor is it "Mod" Vithout restraint B'Gavd - 11's ODD.

Carol Mo Lain, 95 Douglas Street, Manchester, New Hampshire 03102

#### DECITAL OUR

... Selog a reader and admirer of Charles Fort. I was glad to see Faul Willis' article. I have always been of the opinion that there are many things which actence simply does not see because it refuses to. Solance seems to be tied in a knot of its own making, for once having established a certain set of rules by which to understand nature, it is largely unwilling to change or adapt those rules....

Paul Gilstor, 42 Gotwie Lane, St. Louis, Missouri 63124

#### -8000000

Sear Say:

The respectance of ORD is indeed a startling prenomeron of rajor propertions, and one that is particularly significant to me. Every so eften I get the urge to revive STACEVAYS, which vanished long before you thought of putting out the first

you thought of putting out the first issue of ODD. Rowever, you've probably wrecked that particular urgs permanently, because there's no hope that I could get together sesething as inpressive as you did. But still, it would be so nice to write as editorial for the first issue of SPACSWATS since the full of 1942, saying seasiting like: "Our assouncement that publication of SPACSWATS was discontinued was erroseous. We hope that this pressions and statement has not inconvenienced any of our readers."

There might be seen doubt whether the expense and labors involved in this famor type of reproduction is justified an far an the text goes. However, even if you could get equally clear repro. of the typing with a Seatciner, and even if the coaller size of that as-chine gave you enough rota to shiver in your operament on chilly mornings, you couldn't do in any other way such a

magnificent job with the illustrations. It's a shame that Klay can't see the loc that will undoubtedly compare his work with that of Ray Welson, who in equally talented in a somewhat different way. I'm particularly impressed by The Glots, which might make a fortune if a few bundred figures (more) were mided to the selec, than the whole thing were reproduced in mural size and offered for only to rish people to but up on the pedroom well and serve a manachistic function with their neurospy.

I don't remember the Burbes artials, so unless it's a reprint from some obscure source, you are undoubtedly the only person in the world to publist a new Durbee article in the past decade or longer. Even if it was written during ODD'S first incorrection, its subject satter is timelous. TES, IT WAS A REPRINT, FROM AN MARKIER DED. I ran into one of those necond-hand dealers in a slightly different occupation in New York City sot long ago. There was this tiny note in the way which opened into quite a large atoreroom, lined with shelves containing thousands and thousands on is records, along their of them out-of-print and highly destrable because of the quality of the performance or because the music on them ten't available eleewhere. And the old man who set at the only door to the room refused to sell anything I asked about. The only possible explanation that occurs to me for this particular kind of busicusann is that we shouldn't clama some freak of the homest needs. Instead, it's quite possible that these proprietors have kndependently stambled on the only sure way to indulge one's collecting impulses despite a wife and limited apace at home. Pretend to be a dealer, store your cellection in the storeroom you've rented, and earn year living by

booksaking or some other vocation that open't interfere too much with the collector's principal delignt, that of just mitting within reach of all his prised items.

Maybe I could be happy in INFO if I were sure that its members all possessed just the ideal type of inquiring and opeculative mind that Smul Willia describes as typical of the Fortesss. However, inevitably mily organisation gets the lumatic fringe and the people who rebel against suthority to satisfy ocus grave mental flaw, and then life in the group is no longer advisable. Besides, I can't get rid of the negging emapleion that it's dangerous to encourage too much public eniging at solence. I have the feeling that this notion and perhaps the entire world is evidly close to complete revolt against notence, a robellion that could be touched off by just one experimental culture killing everyone in a city block, or an orbital vehicle crashing into a Minzi Beach herel. I want men to reach the moon and nearer planety before I die: I don't care to live in a world that fromms on the production of wonder drugs, and there are many other reasons sky E wouldn't care to ancourage too much none-thumbing among the poor waite trans at actence. I think it's fine for the Portean stritude to be displayed by actentists and professional people among themselves, in an effort to keep from bogging down into blind anceptance of the authority or past experience or the printed word.

I kept expecting Partd Hall to relate his criticione to the frequent lament for the decline of the prosine. His complaints about the deficiencies in come of these books might be a reason to feel that the lisappearance of the prosine as an art form would not be a complete tragely. It's quite probable that a lot of inferior books would have been better books, if there hadn't been magazines in which short storles and novelettee were printed and then tortured and twisted out of shape in an effort to pretend that they're so thatactory as component parts of a novel.

Long ago. I was forced to stop subscribing to fancines and to limit system for those that arrive in return for letters of comment, to avoid spending my entire time reading fancines. So the lack of a subscription in this letter is a reflection on my imprisonment by the confines of time, rather than any disappointment with the quality of DDD. I hope you never let fourteen weeks alapse between two insues in the future, such less fourteen years. [[SUBSCRIBERS, CONTRIBUTORS, PRINTED LETTERS OF CONNEXY, AND OLD FAIRNDS, ENGINE FREE COPIES, WHILE YOU DIDE'T SUBSCRIBE, YOU QUALIFY ON THE OTHER PRINTS. 30...]]

### E CAN'T BELIEVE TELAT....

...the only part of the postmark that I can make out appears to read 1931. I cannot help feeling that 35 years is an inordinately long time for mail to travel from St. Louis to London....

Eaith Otter, 149 High Road, Millesden Green, London, M. V. 10, England,

#### SIGH.... TOU NEWDEBEEED!

Bear Duggle-er-I see it's Ray now:

ODD came this morning. Jack Gaughan had warned me (only last Friday) that you were back and that I was among the ones you were seeking. Gees, I too wonder whatever became of some of the people you're inquiring about. Like Faul Cox (who



quiring about. Like Faul Cox (who left fundem with a declaration of loss-of-interest long before I left the first time.) and J.T.Oliver, who I think did likewise, and whatever did become of lobby loss (the first fan I met after I entered fundem.) and warren Baldwin, whose fundime was the first one I subscribed to (only he sent the money back because he'd just folded it,) and on and on and on.

Frankly, this seems to be the year somebody turned over a wet rock. Old long-lost and forgotten fene are reappearing like an epidemic of Halloy's Comets. (Me-well, I reappeared locally a couple of years ago, but out-

side of Sew fork I keep pretty quiet about it.) I forget who-all I ran into at the Tricon. People like Paul Sanley and Lionel Incon and Dick Wilson. and ... Jeec.

Well, so far I've read about half of CDD \$14. I got fascinated by Hell's book oriticises. (He seems to have chicken-fat on the mind.) They're pretty good, though not quite explicit enough in spots. Today I am in a mean and visitive mood, so it is a pleasure to see inadequate writing getting blasted. Tomarrow I will be sympathetic and kirrily and I will maintain that posses who don't work at the professional writing bit don't understand at set it and the difficulties involved. There really is a hell of a big difference between being able to see the faults in schebody else's work and to criticise it soutely

and all that, and being able to put your knowledge to work in your own writing. I am kind of interested in somethy seeing what come of the fam critics have to may about my books. I understand there've been criticisms of them in a couple of families, but as yet only one publisher has been kind enough to forward a copy to me. Well, it's probably just as well. I argue cantly.

I can't may whother I agree with Hail because I've only read a few of the works be discussed and for the life of me can't remember may of them well enough to apply what he cays. But no talks a good line and since a lot of his points are valid as general oritations, in my opinion, I enjoyed reading them.

The Europe broke me up. Living where I do (around the corner from what remains of New York's once-famous Fourth Avenue fact Bookstore Strip) I have not now similar though not so colorful experiences. I concentrate my mass book shopping in a relection of stores where the cervice is either coldly impersonal or



friendly. I shun the shope where it is definitely hostile, or where "helpful" personnel put me down with their airs of vastly superior theolege. Proveing is a popular sport on Pourth Avenue, and most of the stores let you do it unpolested. They neither discourage you continue with attempts to sell, SELL, MELL.

I was particularly interested in Faul Villie's item. I got a piece of literature from INFO quite a while back and was computed interested, though I couldn't be sure from the pair whether it was for real or monething else in the Ray Palmer line. (I ottll get an occasional bit of That from him, forwarded from an address sore or less absolute for over two years - wonder where he gets his mig lists...) Anyway, the INFO ad disappeared into the vast accumulations of stuff ground ners. Now Willie brings it to mind again, writing from a point of view which impresses me as quite some. Can you fellows supply me with more info about the org?

inckin started out his article like he might be going Josewhere, even if it was into already-explored terrain, but he got lost in a thicket of rhotoric and eversimplification that pretty well shot the whole tell. The problem he attempts to discuss in, of course, one that stored have higher over for ages and will undoubtedly continue to threat out long into the future. I don't well like he managed to say may thing except that he, too, has discovered this problem and is attempting to figure out a solution. Frankly, I don't think there in that he are not for marking as it is presently constituted. But that's no reason for anyone to stop looking...

The ratio just informed so that some actress was killed when she accidently backed her our into the Seine while making a mpy movie. Just a abort time ago actor Eric Fleming was drowned comewhere in Control or South America when his campo overturned in a river while making a movie. I mention this solely because it strikes me interesting. A New Trend?

ing. A Her Trend? [10000 TO HEAD PROM AN OLD PRIMED...ST THE WAY, LHE, I HEAD FROM WAX EXACLE RECENTLY TOO...GOMFLETELY GAFIATED, BUT STILL MAX]]

Lee Hoffman, Basement, 54 B. 7th Street, New York, N. Y. 10003

LETTER OF CONFLAINT

AVENCES ANDROID CORP. 202 Taylor Avenue Orystal City. Miscouri

Bour Mr. Fisher:

The drawing by May Welson in the latest issue of OND has caused a great deal of concern and constantion in our organization.

atthough the android (please use this term instead of the misleading nord "robot") shows in the drawing was not identified as a product of our company, there was no doubt among so that this unit was clearly our model id-Q, which is one of the most popular models in our line. Insemble we so have never before received any complaint about this model, we felt that Mr. Welson's drawing should be treated as a customer complaint; therefore, an immediate inventigation was ordered.

The Chality Control Manager, after conculting with the Chief Inspector, pointed out that, in order to properly inspect this particular area, a special inspection tool, e.g. a Go-No Go gage, would be required. Since no such tool has been provided by Tool Engineering, be feels that

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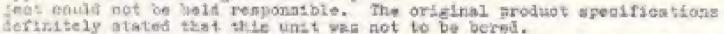
quality Control can not be blaned for the failure of the unit to neet functional requirements.

The Tooling Manager called a meeting of all his subordinates to try to pinpoint the responsibility for the lack of this required inspection tool. After a careful study of the Product Engineering drawings for

this omit, they discovered that tooling was not required, minds the opening in question was not shown or called out on the drawings.

Needless to say, the Production Manager was very relieved to learn this, since his tepartment was immediately cleared of responsibility. In fact, as ne pointed out, the shop had in all respects conformed with the applicable febrication specification, MII-TPD-41.

Increfore, the fault'appeared to lie with the Engineering Department. Move-ever, when the Engineering Manager or-dered a study of the problem, it become apparent that the designer on this pro-



Finally it was agreed that the entire fault lay with the Contoner Service Department. The truth is, the instruction manual furnished with this particular that was not the revised manual. The only difference in the two editions of this manual is the inclusion in the revised edition of the following paragraph:

"Bince there is a great deal of variation in the dimensions of the equipment that may be used with this unit, and since the requirement for amuness of fit varies with different users, this unit is furnished blank, so that it may be bared in the field to suit the requirements of the ultimate consumer."

Obviously, this was just shat the consumer was proparing to do in Mr. Helmon's drawing.

We would appreciate it if you could call this to the attention of your readors and assure them that Avenger Android stands behind its guarantee in every way. If my copies of the unrevised edition of this tanual are attle strant, we shall take every effort to replace them with the up-to-ento menual.

so approvinte your occoperation in this matter, and thank you for calling it to our attention.

Very truly youre. J. W. Hall, Frenident Avenger Android Corp.

VELOCHE BACK TO THE RAT RACE. THE DIGGEN RAY.

I want to thank you for the lat revived teaus of CCD and uslooms you back to the rat-race! I suppose it is to late to try to talk you put of it, so I might as well encourage you in your madeese! There've

been that of old mad older fame she have come back into motivity in the last few years, much of them to stay. I vender what it is about this "funder" bin that is so hard to stay... [[PESSAPS II'S ONE OF THE FEW MAYS THAT WORST OR LEDS AVERAGE DEGILE CAN COMMUNICATE ABOUT SCREENIES A LITTLE RORE SERCULATIVE THAN WHAT THE RIDE DID IN SCHOOL TODAY; OR, WHAT "X" FOOTBALL, BACKSTRALL, BACKSTR

I wast may that this new towns in certainly a lot different from the first ones I received from you years and years ago! Something tells me that you are glad there is much a difference! The reason that I recall so clearly to that only last number (1965) I drove back to Maine and brought out my entire collection of books, prosince and females... and I looked on a lot of the females.' But the old ODE was fun which is. I think, one of the reasons so many people stay with fandom. It is fun. Or it is so long at they don't take it all too seriously and get wound up is it fighting with inose few who also do.

Severer, come comments on this new looks of OBD are probably in order. The sure have a find in linkey Sheden. He does good work. Repetally the two pages he did for "Come With We" and "...And Flirt With Whales". If there is nothing clas, and of course there is, in this is not occurs interest, Sheden' illustrations does! And there I think is the sure of the natter...nis is not herely the work of another good illustrator, that there is Artwork!

El Cox. 14524 Filmore Street, Arlete, Colifornia 91531

vo tens end Dear Rey,

There very both for the copy of DDD 5 4: it is a beautiful job.

and I hope to see more imples. To this end, I'm sending you some of my
'est' type stuff which I hope you may be able to use, and, on a separate sheet, some of the addresses you requested. [MANY THARKS FOR THE
ADDRESSES AND GOOD WORDS - AND MANY, MANY THANKS FOR THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

ME'VE BEET USING UP MATERIAL AT A MARID RATE AND THE BACKDOG, WHILE II ALSO MAS SOME TOULLEST THIRDS IN IT, IS DETUTED LOWER THAN I THERE DO SEE...

WE ARE IN SEED OF ART, ARTICLES, CARTOONS SECONT FICTION, FILLERS, CARTOOMS, ART, AND GARROONS, ART, CARTOONS ARD ART, HIS. THE SOME REQUIRS—
MART IN WEAT THEY BE BOOD I TOUGHE WE WOULD REPECTALLY EMICY IP IN THEY
PAD A JUST INFO THE COMPANY THEY DESERVE AND THE BEST REPRODUCTION
WE ARE CAPABLE OF, AND A LARGE EXPOSURE HT WAY OF CIRCULATION. [THE FIRST
LEGIE WAS MAILES OUT TO ADDIT FOR PROPIET. THEY DESERVE WILL BE EMED OUT TO
ABOUT 175 TO GOO - DEFERTIVE ON SOM MANY MAILINES ADDRESSES WE CAN COME
UP WITH TO EAST THIS UP LEGIES, WE WHEN CONTRIBUTORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

HOW ABOUT IT, PROPINTIAL RETURNS, WE WHEN CONTRIBUTORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

HOW ABOUT IT, PROPINTIAL RETURNS, WHICH THAN THE SEVENCE TO SHIGH IS
NOT A SOUTH THAN SPECTABLE. The OUR COMPANY HAVE OF SHOOLS -- which is
not a response to the spectable. The our complaint I have layoutwise is
the prospected lead of page toubers, which makes reference Tather difficalt. [That's BREE COMPROTED! AND WE'LL USE IN THE FUTURE, ALSO.] Ray
Delson's captoon on page 20 in himple, and besutiful.

Mill Powers. Chit for 1106, Michards-Gappur APB, Missouri 64030

